POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

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FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

ONE · PENNY

PREVOST MURDERS THE JEWELLER.

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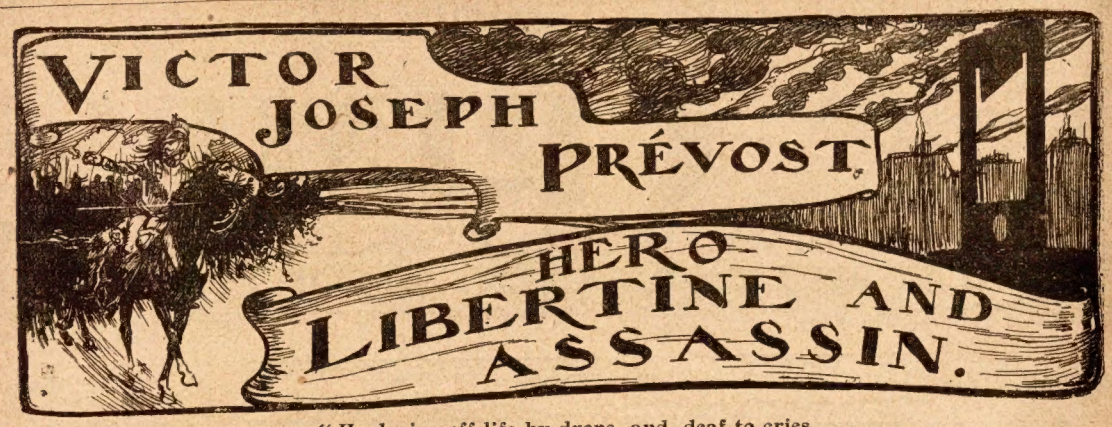


"He drains off life by drops, and, deaf to cries,
Examines every spirit as it flies;
He studies torment, dives in mortal woe,
To rouse up every pang repeats his blow."
—YOUNG, "On Michael Angelo's Famous Piece of the Crucifixion."

PART II.

THREE years had passed away since the brutal murder of Adèle Blondin in the apartments of Victor Prévost, 22, Rue de l'Evangile, Paris, and not a soul suspected the ex-Cent-Garde of the crime. Indeed, the poor girl was almost forgotten, and, although occasional inquiries were made at the police-office by her relatives, there was no news of the woman, and it was generally believed that she had committed suicide.

It is the year 1879, one celebrated in the annals of the Parisian police for the unusual number of crimes that were perpetrated in the French capital, that now claims our attention.

It was a record year, for from the 5th of January to the 26th of December no less than thirty-nine persons were murdered (fifteen men, three children, twenty-one women), and of those who committed the crimes eighteen were in the hands of the justices, five killed themselves, and the others were never found. In 1879 night attacks, burglaries, murders, and outrages were of constant occurrence, and every day had its crime or crimes. There seem to be certain seasons when murders, like suicides, are "in the air," and if you turn to the police records you will find that they are perpetrated, as it were, in batches or in a series, almost as if the seed had been sowed and they sprang up almost simultaneously.

Amongst these murders of 1879 perhaps that which excited the greatest interest was the foul murder of a man named Lenoble, which was discovered in rather an extraordinary way. On the 10th of September of that year, at eleven o'clock at night, M. Hamon, commanding the police in the district of St. Ambroise, sent a telegram to M. Andrieux, the Prefect of Police, to this effect: "The part of an arm from the elbow to the shoulder has been thrown by an unknown man into the opening of the drains in the Rue du Pré-Maudit. It was at once taken out and conveyed to the office of M. Lefébure, Commissary of Police, by Constable Hardy." M. Caubet, the Prefect, immediately sent to M. Macé, the famous detective, asking him to investigate, and Inspector Engelman and Corporal Bonneford were entrusted with the inquiry.

That very evening the detectives were on the scent and found that for several days pieces of raw meat had been discovered in the streets in the neighbourhood of La Chapelle, and that many more fragments had been thrown down the drains. A woman who played the part of amateur detective had followed a man carrying a basket, and had seen him take from it a piece of what appeared to be raw beef, and throw it in the gutter. This woman's name was Mdme. Thierry, and she seems to have been endowed with rather more inquisitiveness than the generality of her sex, for she picked the piece up and took it to a butcher in the neighbourhood, who examined it and declared it to be in his opinion human flesh with the skin carefully removed. He in turn took it to a chemist's, and there his opinion was confirmed. It was, therefore, sent to the Morgue.

Mdme. Thierry declared that she would be able to recognise the man who carried the basket, and described him as in appearance like a cattle dealer, wearing grey trousers, a blue smock, and black silk cap. She had followed him and had found the opportunity of getting a good look at his face. She was convinced that she had seen it before; but when and where she could not recall.

For several days afterwards pieces of what were undoubtedly human flesh were picked up in the neighbourhood of La Chapelle, in all numbering seventy-seven, including a hand, some toes, skin that had evidently been removed by means of a sharp knife, and other parts of the body, enabling the surgeons to establish the sex as that of a man. The journals were full of the ghastly discovery, and it was unanimously agreed that a foul deed had been perpetrated. But, who was the murderer? Who was the murdered man? Nobody could conjecture who had committed the crime, and the victim's body could not be identified, for the head was missing, although so much of the remains had been found and put together so skilfully by the surgeons that they fairly represented the corpse of a man that had been entirely skinned.

The whole population of that quarter of Paris were horrified and willingly gave their assistance in the search. But, unfortunately, although the drains were carefully explored, the river and the canal dragged, nothing could be discovered as to the whereabouts of the head, without which, of course, it was impossible to identify the victim, so perfectly skinned was the body.

Although for the moment M. Macé, that able detective, and M. Lefébure, the clever commissary (who was so keen in his perception that he was said to be endowed with second sight), were unable to solve the mysterious tragedy, my readers, long ere this, will have guessed the name of the murderer, that arch-fiend who had been at large for three years, who had been the author of the terrible murder of his mistress Adèle Blondin, who had continued as a guardian of the public, the dashing, handsome sergent-de-ville, courted by half the girls of the district in which he did duty and pronounced by all who knew him as a very fine fellow.

Yes; who but Victor Joseph Prévost could have successfully carried out such a murder so terrible in all its details? Who, with blood upon his hands and guilt upon his conscience, could have brazened it out before his fellow-men but he? His passion for blood had again seized upon him, and his craving must be satisfied. But

let us go behind the scenes, and follow the movements of this dastardly assassin in the perpetration of his second and final crime. Let us watch the tragedy that, like the first, was not to be discovered by the ability and smartness of the police, but which was to be revealed in good time in all its terrible details by the murderer himself.

Prévost is still as popular as ever, and keeps his furnished apartments, the very same furniture that he purchased three years ago with the money he stole from his murdered mistress. He has, however, tired of his rooms in the Rue des Roses, and has removed to more convenient apartments at No. 75, Rue Riquet, where he entertains his lady-loves and lives in a style far beyond the means one would suppose at the disposal of a Parisian police officer. But then, Prévost is still the "bel homme" (handsome man), the ex-Cent-Garde, who is much sought by man and woman, and who is always treated and never thinks of paying in return. From women he borrows money, from men he takes credit, and rarely pays; so his salary is needed but for the rent of his rooms and a few personal luxuries. It is good business to gain the patronage of the ex-Cent-Garde, for he has so many fair friends to whom a trader can be introduced, and these of the fair sex have frequently plenty of money, which they get easily and part with readily. So Prévost is perpetually worried to purchase goods from those who sell on easy terms at enormous profits and give long credit. In a word, those whom we should designate as "tally-men," are always seeking the handsome sergent-de-ville, more anxious perhaps, to get introductions through him than to serve him personally. Amongst those eager to do business with him is a jeweller, by name Lenoble. He is a man of great industry and considerable property for one in his station of life, and has a great stock of valuable jewellery. M. Lenoble could hardly be classed amongst the "tally-men," although the greater part of his business is done by giving credit and accepting monthly payments by means of bills. He sells no trash—all his articles are of gold or silver, and there is little paste set in his articles. He deals in the real, genuine article, and the diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, pearls, and other precious stones which he carries about with him in his travelling-cases frequently amount to more than a thousand pounds. But he is a very careful man, and approaches only those to whom he has had an introduction.

No need to make inquiries, though, about the gallant Prévost. Everybody knows him, and his money, if he does buy, is as safe as the bank. So M. Lenoble never passes the Rue Riquet without calling in at No. 73, when he knows that the handsome sergent-de-ville is off duty, and many a gem ring or a little gold watch or ornament has he disposed of for cash down to one or other of the ex-Cent-Garde's ladies, who might happen to be a guest at Prévost's apartments. But to the "bel homme" himself he has never been able to sell a single article.

But one morning, when Lenoble calls, the sergent-de-ville is most affable, and condescends to look through the well-stocked case of jewellery. There are rings of all kinds, set with precious stones, watches, chains, and other ornaments. Prévost admires a gold chain, and the jeweller desires to sell it to him. No; it is not massive enough for the fastidious policeman. Very well; M. Lenoble will be delighted to bring another when he is passing on the morrow. An appointment is made, and the man retires.

Victor Prévost sits in his favourite attitude, elbow upon table and hand supporting his head. There is a strange, vacant look, which gradually becomes a glare, from his eyes. He is quite motionless for some minutes, then his features assuming a terrible expression, he mutters to himself: "Why not? It is a long time now, and nobody was the wiser. Yes, yes; you did your work well, Victor, very well. The hand has not lost its cunning either. One more operation can easily be performed. Why not? But then, the knives. Ah, fool that I was to throw them in the Seine! They were good tools—excellent tools! Yes, it shall be. To-morrow, Victor Prévost, you shall once again fancy you are at your old work in the shambles; you shall cut the joints as neatly as you did for the shop in the Rue St. Honoré, and you shall again see the warm, steaming, crimson blood flow."

Then, chuckling to himself, he changes his uniform, and between snatches of a popular street song he tells himself how his little blonde shall have a ring of pearls, his brunette a pendant of diamonds, and each of his other inamoratas must have presents that will dazzle their eyes and make their loves grow warmer than ever. And then he sets forth to purchase a couple of keen-edged butcher's knives and a cleaver. Returning to his rooms he busies himself in making preparations for the morrow. Into the bed-sitting-room he brings every vessel he can lay hands upon filled with water. Jugs, pails, bottles, and pans. A large, strong wooden chest is to serve for this human butcher's block, and he surveys his preparations critically, now adding to the necessary articles and utensils by bringing in a scrubbing brush, a packet of soda, house flannels, and cloths. All are deposited carefully beneath the bed or in a large cupboard, and his arrangements are complete.

Lenoble dealt in jewels.

Was there ever such cold-blooded premeditation displayed by murderer or assassin as this?

It is two o'clock on the 10th day of September, 1879, the appointed hour. Prévost is pacing the apartment and twisting his huge moustache. He has changed his uniform, for he is off duty until the morrow. The small clock on the mantelpiece tinkles out the hour, and M. Lenoble, notorious for his punctuality, raps at the door.

"Ah, M. Lenoble, precisely to time, as usual! Come in, sir, and be seated. I am delighted to see you," says

Prévost gaily, shaking him heartily by the hand and shifting a chair towards the table. There is a bottle of wine, some little liqueur decanters, with eau-de-vie, etc., glasses, a syphon of soda-water, and some biscuits.

The generous host will take no denial, although M. Lenoble persistently declines. He has but just taken lunch; has many more calls to make; must keep his head cool.

But Prévost insists—nay, commands, and the little jeweller reluctantly takes up the liqueur glass of brandy which has been poured out for him, and the two men touch glasses and wish each other good health.

"And now to business," says the jeweller, unlocking his case and displaying his glittering goods. "Here is the chain and locket I promised to bring for you. You would

Lifts the murdered man.

not find one so handsome if you were to search every shop in the Palais Royale through. I shall charge you 250 francs (£10). Is it not cheap? Yes, you pay for it monthly. I will draw the bills."

Prévost takes up the chain, admires it, and fixes it across his waistcoat. "Yes, it will do," he says. "I admire your taste, M. Lenoble; it is handsome. Permit me, here are the pen and ink."

And the ex-Cent-Garde passes the writing materials from behind his visitor. Then, as quick as thought, he turns to the bed, and, swiftly drawing a long thick iron with a heavy knob to it from beneath the bolster, he raises it above him, extending his arms at full length, and brings it down with a crash upon his victim's skull. Again the murderous weapon is raised, and a blow is struck at the head which now lies, with brain protruding, upon the table, and the fiend, as if glorying in his work, brings the iron yet a third time upon the already crushed skull.

Snatching up the jewellery case, the murderer thrusts it under the mattress and then turns his attention to the body of his victim. Wrapping a coarse cloth around the head, he lifts the murdered man off the chair with the ease of moving an infant, and then, taking the large knife which he has already placed upon the table, and holding the head over a large pail, he makes two or three cuts across the throat, severing the jugular veins and bringing the blade of the knife in contact with the spinal column, and the blood gushes out into the receptacle, necessitating the employment of a second utensil. So carefully and so dexterously does this ex-butcher perform that scarcely a drop falls upon the floor, which he has taken the precaution to cover with cloths and sacks. As the blood almost ceases to flow, the body is thrown upon its back and quickly stripped of its clothes. The dismemberment then commences, Prévost using his great chest for a block. It is quick work and is over in a surprisingly short space of time. Limb by limb is then skinned, and the flesh is cut off and thrown into a basket with a cross-handle to it, all ready to hand for the purpose. The head is thrown into a large oval iron boiler, and at the expiration of three hours the monster has completed his ghastly work. The ex-Cent-Garde, the "bel homme"—save the expression—has butchered a second victim to gratify his thirst for blood, for lust, and for gold.

But enough of the death chamber and the shambles for the moment. Let us turn our attention to our friend, M. Gustave Macé, the great detective, and his comrade, M. Lefébure. Since their attention has been called to the finding of the human flesh on the evening they have not been idle. Inquiries have been made all over Paris for the names and descriptions of any persons missing; but nobody (not even his family, for he is married and has several children) thinks of Lenoble, for he is accustomed to travel far away with his wares, and is frequently absent from home for weeks. No; the impossibility of identification of the corpse in its mutilated state, made up of the pieces found in the streets and drains, makes the case very difficult to deal with. The detectives' attention must be all concentrated upon the discovery of the man who was seen with the basket.

On the afternoon following the murder and distribution of the human flesh, Madame Thierry calls at the police office, and is ushered into the presence of Macé and Lefébure. She is strangely excited. Looking round the apartment to see that the three are alone, she says in a low, earnest voice: "Gentlemen, I have remembered where I have seen the face of the man with the basket before. I am sure it is the same. I can almost swear that the man dressed and looking like a cattle-dealer is the 'bel homme,' the ex-Cent-Garde, the policeman who lived a few doors from where I resided two years ago in the Rue des Roses. I could swear to him in a thousand."

M. Macé touched a bell, and an officer appeared. Giving instructions that Prévost, who was on duty, was to be brought to the office at once, Madame Thierry was told to conceal herself behind a screen, through which two holes were made in the pattern of the flowers with which it was covered, enabling anybody behind to survey nearly the whole of the room without being observed.

Within ten minutes there is a knock at the door, and Victor Prévost is announced. He salutes his superiors, and stands in the doorway, his fine figure nearly filling the opening. "Enter, and close the door," says M. Lefébure sternly; and the ex-Cent-Garde obeys, striding into the centre of the room, and standing at attention.

"Where were you last evening?" demanded the commissaire.

"I was not well, and stopped at home," replied Prévost.

"Now, be careful, and answer me truthfully, for I have some very important questions to ask. Are you

sure that you were not out, and in the vicinity of the alleys of Gué and the Pré Maudit, and that you were not accosted by Madame Thierry, once your neighbour in the Rue des Roses? Again I warn you to be careful."

Prévost turns a shade paler, and shakes his head, as he repeats, "I was at home—unwell."

At that moment M. Macé moves aside the screen, and Madame Thierry steps forward, and, with outstretched arm and finger pointing at the sergent-de-ville, she exclaims: "That is the man! I will swear that he it is whom I met last night! I know him well enough now that I see him in uniform. He was my neighbour in the Rue des Roses, to which street he shifted immediately after the disappearance of his mistress and my dear friend, Adèle Blondin!"

Prévost scowled. Then, turning to the officers, he said: "Madame is right in one point. I lived where she says from 1876 until 1878; but she makes a mistake when she affirms that she saw me last night in the alley of the Pré Maudit. I do not even know where that turning is."

"THAT IS THE MAN!"

"You lie!" exclaimed Lefébure. "You know the place well. I have before me a note proving that you arrested several people in the passage only last year. Again you lie when you say you were ill at home last night"; and the commissaire touched the bell. An officer entered, and Prévost started. It was one of his colleagues, named Daumas. Lefébure continued: "You met this man last night in the Rue de Bourcry at 9 p.m., and you were carrying a basket covered with a piece of cloth. You told him that the removal of the goods of a friend of yours was the cause of your fatigue. The game is up, Monsieur Prévost. Daumas, take that man's sword and cloak." Then, turning to the ex-Cent-Garde, the commissaire quietly said, "You must consider yourself arrested."

Madame Thierry was politely requested to retire, and another officer took a position on the other side of the prisoner. There was a moment's pause, and Prévost's face became deathly pale. Gustave Macé strode across the room to him, with knitted brows, and in slow, measured tones, said: "Victor Joseph Prévost, I demand to know from you where is your victim's head?"

Such a question, so straight, so unexpected, upset the coolness even of this hardened scoundrel, and his lips parted in amazement as he stammered out: "In the boiler."

"To make it unrecognisable, then, you would have boiled it, eh?"

The prisoner inclined his head in answer.

"Whose head is it?" asked Macé.

"That of the jeweller Lenoble," replied Prévost somewhat more calmly, for he evidently now recognised what the commissaire had asserted was true—the game was up.

"You killed him to rob him?" was the question.

"His jewellery is under my bed," replied Prévost.

"Tell us now the particulars of this crime. It will save you much pain if you conceal nothing. It is better for you that you do so."

Prévost assented, and M. Lefébure wrote down word for word the murderer's confession. My readers know the details, but in case they should for a moment imagine that in the picture of the tragedy that we have just painted there should be the slightest exaggeration, I will translate the statement made by the criminal word for word as it was given to me by M. Gustave Macé:

"I have known M. Lenoble for some time, and I spoke to him of my intention of buying a gold chain and a locket, payable by monthly instalments. We made an appointment, and yesterday at mid-day he was in my room, 75, Rue Riquet. He put down his goods on my bed, and, after having agreed to the price of 240 francs, he trusted me with his best chain and locket. I took the opportunity when he was busy writing the bills payable monthly to strike him with the coupling iron a first blow, given with both hands, which knocked him down. A second blow broke his skull, the third was useless, as he did not move, did not say a word—only a tiny thread of blood came from between his lips. I

opened the throat and placed underneath a vase to receive the blood. I then undressed my victim, stretched him on the box, and I skinned him entirely, to prevent identification of the body. At three o'clock I commenced to cut up the corpse, at five my 'work' was done. I placed the intestines and inside organs in the water-closet, and it is in the drains and the moat of the fortifications that I threw all the parts but the head, which, as I have told you, will be found in a boiler in my room. My object attained and all disposed of, I took my supper, and by ten o'clock I was in bed."

Such were the very words of this wretch's confession to the police. Although outwardly he appeared calm, M. Macé tells me that a tremendous conflict was going on within the man whilst he told his story, and at the finish he reeled and absolutely fainted. To use the famous detective's remark: "Prévost swooned; this Hercules had a woman's weakness."

The prisoner was, of course, at once marched to a cell, and Macé and a few chosen men went off direct to the lodgings in the Rue Riquet. There they found the knives, the chopper, the coupling iron, and the jewellery as Lenoble had left it. There was evidence of a great deal of water having recently been used on the floor, and in the boiler was the head, sure enough. Whilst removing it, there was scarcely a drop of blood came from it, and so life-like did the face look that it might have been embalmed immediately after death. Most complete were all the arrangements made by Prévost to commit, and afterwards conceal, the crime, and it is certain that had he had another day or two and had not been recognised, there would have been a great difficulty in discovering the perpetrator of this foul deed. The jewellery on examination was valued at 6,000 francs (equal to £240), and it was in due course handed to Mdme. Lenoble. The head was sent down in an earthenware receptacle to the Morgue to be attached to the pieces of the corpse which had been recovered.

Up to that period Prévost had but made his confession to the police. This is not sufficient in France to establish a man's guilt. It is necessary to confront him with his victim before the Justices. Accordingly at five p.m. that same afternoon M. Bresselles, the examining magistrate, Messieurs Boudet and Potier, representing the Procureur of the Republic, M. Andreux, Prefect of the Police, Caubet, chief of the municipal police, Lefébure, and Macé, accompanied by M. Paul Descoust, principal anatomist to the Faculté de Médecine of Paris, repaired to the Morgue.

Prévost was there awaiting their arrival and to be put to the terrible ordeal of being brought face to face with his victim. Upon the long leaden table which turns upon a spindle, so that it can be placed in any position to receive the light upon it, lay as much of the corpse of the unfortunate Lenoble as had been recovered. There was a white cloth over it, and in silence the officers of the law sat in this death chamber. Prévost was brought in. Calmly he cast his eyes around at those assembled, then fixed them upon the covered object before him at the foot of which he had been conducted. It is usual to snatch the covering from the body in such cases of confrontation, but on this occasion, for fear of disturbing the surgeons' work, it was carefully removed, and a ghastly object was revealed. All the seventy-seven pieces of the corpse had been placed together as near as possible in their places, and it was undoubtedly a triumph of surgical skill. But science could not replace the skin, and the raw-beef appearance of the body was a disgusting sight, made more so by the life-like head, which had been attached. The eyes were still wide open, and they seemed to look straight at the murderer. Such a dreadful and repugnant exhibition could scarcely be imagined, and Macé, accustomed to many horrible sights, told me that it was fixed upon his mind for many a long day afterwards.

"WHY NOT TELL THE TRUTH AND END THIS FARCE!"

In spite of the horrors of the surroundings, though, the man Prévost was the only one who did not betray a feeling of disgust. He stood looking at the face of the man with whom he had shaken hands, drunk with, and then foully assassinated without moving a muscle, and appeared to be completely indifferent as to his position.

"Do you recognise your work?" asked M. Bresselles.

Then, without taking his eyes from the corpse of his victim, he calmly answered: "I have done it. I am guilty."

This was enough. He had confessed his guilt in the presence of the officers of the law, and in the presence of the body of the man he had murdered, and the terrible spectacle was re-covered, and Prévost was taken to the prison of Mazas there to remain until called upon to assist in the unravelling of the crime he had but just committed, and to throw light upon the disappearance of Adèle Blondin, which had taken place just three years previously, for nobody doubted for a moment that Prévost was the murderer of his mistress after the "Crime of La Chapelle," as it was called at the time, had been revealed.

M. Bresselles, then one of the examining magistrates, but afterwards President of the Court of Appeal, was one of the sweetest-tempered men in the French Courts of Justice; but at the same time he was one of the most energetic and severe when occasion demanded. Without a moment's delay, he sent for M. Lefébure, and complimented him and M. Gustave Macé upon the clever and rapid manner in which they had instituted the preliminary inquiry into the murder of Lenoble. He then said to the commissaire: "Now Prévost is accused of another crime, and the Procureur of the Republic has just put into my hands the papers relative to the inquiry made about his late mistress, Adèle Blondin, who disappeared on February 27, 1876. I place these documents in yours and M. Gustave Macé's hands for you to act as you may think expedient. Here, too, is an order by which you can seize, if necessary, the jewels, clothes, or other property belonging formerly to that woman. Try, first of all, to find a plaid shawl she was wearing on the Sunday when she disappeared. If you think it necessary to have one or more interviews with Prévost, your old policeman, here is an order to admit you to him in the prison when you think proper."

Within eight days the whole details of the first crime were revealed. Before the expiration of that time Messrs. Macé and Lefébure had forwarded to headquarters jewellery, bronzes, clothes, and other articles taken from Mdlle. Blondin, amongst them the Scotch plaid. They were traced to having been in the possession of the ex-Cent-Garde after the girl's death, and the possession was confronted by many witnesses. He, however, declared his innocence, saying that all these things traced to him were presents from Adèle Blondin, and that it is bad enough to have murdered the jeweller, and that had he done so to the woman he would say so.

Unable to get anything out of Prévost in the way of confession, the detectives, controlled by Macé, are once more on the track, and here is that shrewd gentleman's report, which I have translated, and which will help to show what an extraordinary criminal the authorities had to deal with in the person of the ex-Cent-Garde.

"This morning Prévost was taken out of the prison of Mazas, and accompanied us to his former lodgings, viz., 75, Rue Riquet; 7, Rue des Roses; and 22, Rue de l'Evangile. The object of this was to discover, if possible, the body of the girl Blondin, and to discover any clue which threw light upon the mystery. Prévost was still declaring upon his oath that his mistress had left his rooms on that particular Sunday, taking with her the plaid shawl and leaving her umbrella behind. The shawl was then shown to Prévost. 'Ah, yes,' said he, 'I have evidently made a mistake. She of course, I remember now, forgot it with her umbrella. But if you ask me what became of her, I tell you again, I do not know.' So, in face of these denials, we pursued our investigations. We first made our way to the Rue Riquet, accompanied by the Procureur and M. Bresselles. There we made a most careful search, thinking it probable that we might find some of the money which was known to have been in the possession of the girl when she disappeared, and which was partly in notes, which could be identified. We searched the flooring, walls, bedstead, bedding, pictures, stove, clock—and, in fact, everything that afforded a place of concealment; but without success. Prévost during the whole of the time was silent and unconcerned.

"The rooms at the Rue des Roses were searched in a like unsuccessful manner, when we proceeded to the Rue de l'Evangile. As we entered these apartments I fancied the expression upon Prévost's face showed that he was

Thought of the brilliantly-lighted cafes.

more concerned. The furniture was placed as nearly as possible in the same position as when he left it by the concierge (door-keeper), who knew exactly how the apartment was formerly arranged, and a most careful search was made. At last I discovered several spots upon the wall paper. Examining them with a powerful glass, I could see that they were spots of blood, in many places covered over with writing-ink, yet quite enough of them untouched to leave it beyond doubt that they were marks of gore. Similar marks were also upon the floor.

"Prévost, in his turn, examined them. 'Yes,' he said, 'they are marks of blood. I am an expert, and know what blood is. I slipped about on the greasy, congealed stuff in the slaughter-house when I was a young man; I have seen the grass crimson with blood on the battlefield; and I have seen blood flow—ay, gush—here in Paris! But, gentlemen, let me tell you that those spots there are quite fresh comparatively—

quite fresh, I tell you; and it makes one feel satisfied, for it is three years since I occupied these rooms. Yes, those spots are quite fresh—so I am happy, gentlemen!'

"Turning almost savagely upon him, I said, 'They did not teach you how to lie when you entered the Force. Why not end all this farce, and tell the truth? It is better for you in the end, for if anything will save you it is the truth. Tell it, then!'

"For a moment Prévost was silent, gazing down upon the blood-spattered floor, as if the scene that was enacted in that room just three years before was passing in panorama-like form once again. Suddenly he started. Then, addressing the magistrate, the prisoner said to him, 'May I be permitted to speak with M. Macé alone?'

"The request was granted, although they evidently imagined that I was taking a certain amount of risk. However, I had no fear of the man, and my comrades left the room, and I shut the door, keeping my hand upon the handle behind me.

"He looked at me full in the face, and there was a sad expression came over his as he said, in a low tone: 'M. Macé, it was I who killed Adèle Blondin. I strangled her first with my two hands. She was lying drunk on that bed. I wanted to get rid of her. She was a "crampon" (slang for a hanger-on). I had other intentions with certain women, and she was in my way. I cut her body to pieces, as I did Lenoble's. I disposed of the pieces in the drains. The head you will find buried in the moat near the fortifications close to the Custom House. It was I who put ink upon those blood spots.'

"This confession was repeated before the magistrate and the Procureur, who then departed. Prévost, with the two guards who had charge of him, entered a cab, and I instructed the coachman to drive to the Custom House, we—M. Lefébure and myself—following in another vehicle.

"Outside Paris, through the barrier of La Chapelle, and Ceinture Paris la Chapelle-Saint-Denis Railway, is a short stairway leading up to the fortifications. We ascended these steps, and are on the Boulevard Ney. A short distance farther in Prévost stopped up, and pointed to the spot where the head should be discovered.

"Having procured shovels, we were not long in digging where he indicated, and there, sure enough, was the head of the unfortunate woman. We procured an earthenware pan with a lid to it, and placed it therein, when it was at once despatched to the Morgue.

"Matters by this time were getting into shape; but there was much to do, for the prosecution, conducted by the Government, needed the minutest detail of both crimes. After that memorable day of confession and discovery, Prévost was returned by us to the Governor of Mazas Prison, and I was not a little relieved at ceasing for the time being to be responsible for the person of such a notorious criminal."

Such was M. Macé's interesting report that I was privileged to read during my research for the details of these extraordinary crimes, which, now that the ex-Cent-Garde had confessed to the murder of his mistress as well as the jeweller, became the talk of the French capital.

The fair ones who had so fondly embraced the "bel homme" shuddered now at the idea of having given themselves so readily to one whose hands were stained with blood, and who might have been looking even amongst them for another victim. Yet amongst the women of the quarter of Paris in which the stalwart sergent-de-ville was once so popular there were many who even shed tears for him, whilst the majority sympathised. He was still the hero of the hour. Those who had not embraced him looked upon this fine, handsome fellow as rather a martyr than a criminal of the worst type, and openly avowed their sorrow for the lamentable position in which he was placed, even going so far as to start a subscription for his defence, and praying that this bloodthirsty scoundrel would be free and once more in their midst.

But how fared it with the gallant Cent-Garde, the gay Lothario, the hero of the battlefield, the pride of the Tuileries, and the handsomest, most dashing, most popular, and most sought after sergent-de-ville in all Paris? How did he feel with his wings clipped, shorn of his fine plumage, and caged in the cold cell of the prison of Mazas? At first sullen and savage, then anxious and despondent in turn; then dejected and silent, refusing food, declining to answer all questions. He cursed his fate. Did his conscience prick him for what he had done? Not a bit of it! What was the sacrifice of two innocent lives to him? No; he was mad only when he thought of the barrier that had been placed between him and his amours. He thought of the brilliantly-lighted cafés to which he was always welcomed and at which he could always feast and drink with the merriest. He could not stand this deprivation. He would end it there and then. There would be no difficulty. Life was not for him, and why not take it and save the torture of the next few months and the terrible slash of the knife of the guillotine? Yes, he would find means to take his own life. It was easier than taking that of another. He could not "work" upon himself when life had flown, and there was nothing—nothing to conceal. To-morrow—yes, it shall be done to-morrow; but to-morrow never came. Coward, Victor Joseph Prévost, your resolutions are good, but you have not pluck enough to carry them out! The knife that let out the life of your victims was so easily, painlessly operated with by your experienced and dexterous hand; but, if raised against yourself, it will hurt—yes, hurt—and you are a cur—a frightened cur—and dare not launch yourself into eternity. The jaws of death are open wide enough to receive you, but you shrink from them, and the void beyond is not to be willingly explored.

Besides, it is not to be. It were too merciful that you should slip out of the world by your own free will and by means of your own hands. The end is not yet come. There is the lash of your fellow-men's tongues to whip your conscience, with their eloquence, into shame; there are the sleepless nights in the cell as the days are counted, and then the hours; there are the terrible dreams of blood and fiendish shrieks; and there are the ribald songs and yells from the populace to greet thine ear on the last day you live on earth. No, Victor Prévost—coward—you will not take your own life; the guillotine shall claim thee!

"Flash Fred."

THIS celebrity of the race-course once stole the Marquis of Hastings' betting-book from his breast-pocket at a time when the owner of Lady Elizabeth had a big winning account on the Derby, though it certainly was not that of 1867!

"Flash Fred" knew that the Marquis had to draw many thousands on the Monday—settling day—and that he could do nothing without his book. When a reward of £500 was offered for its recovery the lost volume was forthcoming, the condition of its return being that no questions should be asked.

His Eloquence Carried Him Away.

MR. JUSTICE BYLES was once hearing a case in which a woman was being tried for causing the death of her child through lack of nourishment and proper care.

The barrister who conducted the defence waxed very eloquent on behalf of his client, and, in a flight of imagination, said, "No mother could commit such a crime. Why, gentlemen, the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, even, suckle their young, and——" His eloquence was at this point interrupted by the learned judge, who said:

"Mr. A——, if you can establish the latter part of your proposition, your client will certainly be acquitted!"

Cannibalism on the High Seas.

THE MEMORABLE CASE of the MIGNONETTE.

"Tragedy must be something bigger than life or it would not affect us."
—LORD CHESTERFIELD, "Letters to his Son."

IT was a singular and a painful case which came before the late Baron Huddlestone at the Exeter Assizes on the 6th of November, 1884—a case which aroused the deepest sympathy throughout the country, and caused much perplexity in legal circles. Never before in the annals of British jurisprudence had such a charge been made against a British subject in open court, and both judge and jury were placed in a position of extreme difficulty. The charge was one of murder on the high seas, a boy having been slaughtered and eaten by castaways to save their own lives when in dire distress from starvation. Under the circumstances, the judge and jury took about the only course which was feasible. Baron Huddlestone directed the jury to find a special verdict, leaving it for another court to say what crime, if any, had been committed. The jury acted upon the suggestion thrown out to them, and confined their verdict to a statement of the facts laid before them, setting forth their ignorance as to whether murder had been done, and referred the matter to the court. The prisoners were then liberated on bail, themselves in £100, and one surety for each in a like amount.

Let us now examine into this strange charge which was brought against these God-fearing British seamen.

On the 6th of September, 1884, the "Montezuma," from Punta Arenas, arrived at Falmouth, bringing in Captain Dudley and two men of the yacht "Mignonette," which left Southampton on May 19, for Sydney, New South Wales, and was struck by a heavy sea and foundered on July 5, in 27S. 10W. On 29th July, in 24S. 27 W., the crew were picked up by the "Montezuma," after having drifted and sailed 1,000 miles in their boat.

The "Mignonette" was a cutter-rigged vessel of 33 tons, and was built about the year 1867 at Brightlingsea. When she left Southampton she was to proceed to Sydney to the order of a gentleman named Henry J. Want, but she was fated never to reach her destination.

On Monday, September 8th, Thomas Dudley, Edwin Stephens, and Edward Brooks were brought before the Mayor of Falmouth charged with murder. The court was crowded, but there was little more than formal evidence taken. The men had been arrested upon the depositions which they had voluntarily made at the custom-house; nevertheless, the mayor did not feel himself justified in granting bail, pending an application to the Treasury for instructions. Afterwards came the abortive trial before Baron Huddlestone, and following upon that the great trial in the Court of Queen's Bench, which excited such intense interest at the time. The bench on that occasion was composed of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, Mr. Justice Grove, Mr. Justice Denman, Mr. Baron Pollock, and Mr. Baron Huddlestone, as goodly an array of judges as could be found, every one of them a tower of strength in the intricate pathways of the law.

And this was the pitiful story which was told to them.

On July 5th, 1884, Captain Thomas Dudley and Edwin Stephens, with one Brooks, all able-bodied English seamen, and the deceased, an English boy between 17 and 18 years of age, the crew of an English yacht, were cast away in a storm on the high seas, 1,600 miles from the Cape of Good Hope, and were compelled to get into an open boat. In this boat they had no supply of water and no supply of food except two 1lb. tins of turnips, and for three days they had nothing else to subsist on. Upon the fourth day they caught a small turtle, on which they lived for a little while, and this was the only food they had up to the 20th day, when the terrible deed about to be described was committed.

On the 12th day the remains of the turtle had been entirely consumed, and for the next eight days they had nothing to eat. Neither had they any fresh water, except such rain as they from time to time caught in their oilskin capes. The boat was drifting on the ocean, and was probably more than a thousand miles from land.

Upon the 18th day, when they had been a week without food of any kind, and five days without a drop of water, the prisoners spoke to Brooks about what should be done if no succour came.

Their sunken eyes had a wolfish look, and their shrivelled lips were drawn back from the sharp, white teeth. They were desperate men, fighting against the demon of hunger and the still more powerful fiend of thirst. They had not yet succumbed in the struggle, but they would not be able to hold out much longer.

As they spoke to Brooks, their hungry glances fell upon the boy lying prostrate in the bottom of the boat.

Brooks shuddered, and turned away.

"It were better," said the captain, "that one should die than that all should perish."

Brooks shook his head.

"No, no," he replied; "I cannot consent to such a proposal. If God wills that we should die by starvation, let us submit to His decree. I shall be no party to the shedding of blood."

The captain and mate retired to the other end of the boat, moody and silent, but ever and anon their eyes were fixed upon the livid face of Parker, the boy.

The next day Dudley, more desperate than ever, proposed to Stephens and Brooks that lots should be cast who should be put to death to save the rest, but Brooks stood firm as before. He would consent to no sacrifice. It is significant that no hint of the matter in consultation was given to Parker, though he had all his senses about him, his prostration arising from physical weakness alone. It was quite evident to the staunch and impregnable Brooks that the victim had been marked down by the captain and the mate. He saw the ravenous glare in their hollow orbs as they directed them to the poor, helpless lad, yet, though suffering untold agonies himself, he would not give way to the cravings of nature.

"We are not yet quite exhausted," he said to the others, in a hoarse whisper, "and while there is hope, who knows what another day may bring forth?"

Towards evening Dudley looked up and met the eyes of Stephens. There seemed to be a tacit understanding between the men.

At last the captain spoke.

"Ned," he said quietly, "you and I are married men, with families of our own. It is not right that we should die while there is a possibility of life, and thus leave our dear ones to the mercy of a pitiless world."

"You are right, captain," Stephens replied. "My children are unprovided for. It is our duty to look after our own, no matter at what sacrifice."

"You will agree, then?" said Dudley, with a glance at the helpless boy.

"I will agree to anything so long as our lives are saved," was the mate's reply.

"It is no use mentioning the matter to Brooks," remarked the captain, "he will never give in. We must take the whole burden upon ourselves. Poor Parker can scarcely hold out for another day, and it would be a blessing to put him out of his misery."

"That is so," Stephens acquiesced. "Had you not better speak to him, and ask him if he is prepared?"

"No, I think not," Dudley returned. "It would only disturb his mind. To-night we shall give him respite, but if no sail should heave in sight before to-morrow morning, the poor fellow must die to save us. It will only be anticipating his certain fate by a few hours, and neither God nor man can blame us for an act to which we are driven in our dire extremity."

Tears stood in the eyes of both. They were fond of the lad, but they thought of their wives and children, and steeled their hearts.

All that night they kept a keen look-out, but no vessel approached them. At dawn the pangs of thirst became more unbearable than ever. They looked at Parker. He was drinking the sea water which they had shipped, and they were well aware that madness and death must follow such a course.

Dudley took out his penknife and felt the blade.

"Ned," he whispered, "if he should struggle, will you hold his legs?"

A spasm ran through to the mate's heart. He could not speak, but he nodded his compliance.

The captain then crept aft.

"Brooks," he said, "you had better go and have a sleep," and he made a sign to the two men indicating what was about to happen.

The tender-hearted sailor, who had protested all along against bloodshed, now knew that his efforts would be unavailing, and crawled away to the bow of the boat, where he sat with averted eyes.

Thereupon Dudley fell upon his knees between the thwarts, and clasping his hands, prayed to the Almighty Father in Heaven to forgive him for what he was about to do.

It is an awful scene to picture to oneself. The open boat upon the drifting sea, the figure seated in the bow, with the head buried in the hands, the gaunt and haggard features of the other two men, the one kneeling with upturned gaze as he fervently begs for pardon from on high, and the third watching him with half-dazed and half-distracted expression; while, huddled up in the bottom of the frail craft, lies the unconscious victim, his cheek resting upon an arm, and his throat exposed and bare, all ready for the fatal knife.

When his prayer was ended, Captain Dudley crept still nearer to the lad, bending over him and speaking softly in his ear.

"Dick, my boy," he said mournfully, in a choking voice, "your end has come."

"Not me, sir!" moaned the lad. "Not me, sir! Oh, don't!"

Before the words were scarce uttered the sharp penknife had penetrated Parker's throat, the jugular vein was severed, and in a few seconds the victim was dead.

Then was enacted a most horrible performance. Stephens, the mate, dragged himself forward with the two empty turnip tins, and the life-blood of Parker was caught as it ran, the men drinking in turns as each vessel was filled. Even Brooks could not resist the temptation of the dreadful draught, hot and red from the flowing veins, but drank with the rest till their faces were all bedabbled and smeared, and they looked like vampires at their unholy orgie.

When their thirst was quenched, they stripped the body of the boy of all its clothing, and from the fleshy part of the thighs—now lean enough after twenty days' starvation—they cut off sufficient to appease their hunger.

Brooks made no demur now that the deed was done. He had served his conscience by protesting against the act, so he feasted with his comrades at the human banquet until satisfied.

For four long days Parker's flesh kept them alive. They ate but sparingly, not knowing how long they might have to exist upon the awful fare, which they were compelled to devour raw, not having any means by which they might cook the flesh.

On the fourth day, the "Montezuma" hove in sight. By that time Dudley and Stephens were mere wrecks of men; but Brooks, who was of stronger physique, which may probably have accounted for the long stand he made against the solicitations of Dudley and Stephens, was still able to mount the side of the rescuing vessel without assistance. The other two had to be slung in ropes to be taken on board, so prostrated were they.

While recovering, they made no secret from the crew of the "Montezuma" as to the manner by which their lives had been spared, and on landing at Falmouth they at once hurried to the custom-house, where they made a full report to the authorities. Brooks was originally charged with the others, but it being found that he had no hand in the actual killing of the boy, he was afterwards dismissed from the case.

This was the whole story, and a most terrible one it was.

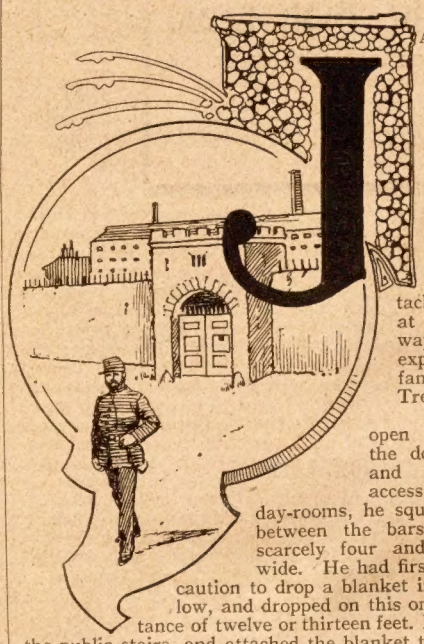
The judges listened to it with knitted brows, and then fell to arguing. They argued with counsel, and argued amongst themselves, for the whole of that day, and at length the Lord Chief Justice announced that they would give judgment on Saturday. Mr. Collins, who defended the prisoners, applied for bail as before, but this was not agreed to, and the prisoners were conducted to Holloway, there to await their lordships' decision.

It was not until Tuesday, December 9th, that final judgment was given. For the first time for more than a hundred years, the death sentence was that day heard in the Court of Queen's Bench.

The judgment read by Lord Coleridge was of exceeding length, and consequently it cannot be quoted here. Suffice it to say, the two prisoners were found guilty of murder, and sentenced to death, with a strong recommendation to mercy, in which the judges concurred.

This recommendation was soon acted upon by Sir William Harcourt, the then Home Secretary, who commuted the sentence to one of six months' imprisonment without hard labour.

A Wonderful Escape from Prison.



JAMES LESTER, the youngest of three men who were arrested in the year 1796 for robbing a merchant's shop in Sanquhar, effected his escape in a marvellous manner from the Bridewell attached to the gaol at Dumfries in a way that rivals the exploits of the famous Baron Trenck.

He first burst open by main force the door of his cell, and having gained access to one of the day-rooms, he squeezed his body between the bars of a grating scarcely four and a-half inches wide. He had first taken the precaution to drop a blanket into the area below, and dropped on this on his feet, a distance of twelve or thirteen feet. He then ascended the public stairs, and attached the blanket to a slender cord used for pulling down the window, lowered the sash, climbed to the top, tossed the cord and its appendage to the outside, and partly by the slender support thereby afforded him, and partly by pressing his knees to the wall, he landed on a staircase two stories below. He was still within the four walls of the prison, and he next ascended the staircase that led to the street, which is strongly secured by two doors, the one of iron and the other of wood, driven full of ponderous nails. The first was surmounted by a revolving chevaux-de-frise, and here again Lester made excellent use of his trusty blanket by wrapping it round the said ugly machine in such a manner as to sheath its spikes and impede its motion. This done, he vaulted nimbly to the top, and, by some means which cannot be comprehended, poised himself upon an axle of rusty spears which could have been put in motion by the weight of a feather. But still his task was incomplete. Above the head of the outer door, and at least four and a-half feet higher than the inner one, a row of pikes was inserted in the wall, in a slanting direction, and it was necessary to seize one of these before he could reach the top of the parapet, still several feet overhead. But he was desperate, and having done so much, was willing to do more. Another spring and the prize was seized; another pull and a great exertion of the muscles and he was on the summit of the prison walls, from which the descent, though eleven or twelve feet, was, by means of a lamp-post, comparatively easy.

The spike he hung by was strongly bent, while the wall at the side bore strong marks of the pressure of his feet and knees; and, indeed, the wonder is that he was not impaled on the chevaux-de-frise, or dashed to pieces on the granite steps below. To all appearance the bars of the Bridewell grating would scarcely admit a cat; a squirrel could hardly scale the windows above the pulpit, while the tiny cord suspended from the top seemed hardly fitted to maintain the weight of an ordinary infant. Again, the scaling of the iron door, the muffling of the iron spikes, with the muscular power necessary to lift a lad of fifteen up a perpendicular height of five feet, implied so much danger and difficulty that the governor of the prison said he would have laughed in any man's face who had declared, before the circumstance, that such things were possible.

BREHON law, or fines for murder, etc., was abolished in Ireland in 1604.

THE WAYS OF THE CRIMINAL

XXXII.—WEARY WAGGLES: HIS WAYS AND HIS GUILES.

THE meanest inhabitants of his Majesty's prisons are those men who in the police charge-sheets come under the heading of "Rogues and Vagabonds." Year in year out they beg and bully and terrorise in order to gain their living. They parcel out the country amongst themselves, have a code of secret signals, and employ at least half a dozen men to invent for them tricks and devices to cheat the charitable.

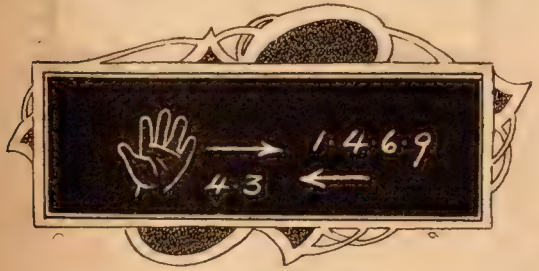
Burglars, forgers and pickpockets one can lean to in a grudging kind of way. These criminals at least by their pluck and skill show that they have the makings of clever men in their composition. But for the subject of this article—a blackguardly rogue at the very best—one can have nothing but contempt. He does not prey upon mankind unless he drops across a very old or timid or drunken member of the male sex, but upon women and children. If his lies do

Various Mendicant Signs—1. Generous. 2. No good 3. Gives food, no money. 4. Work the pious lay here. 5. Offers work, "Nix for Nix." 6. Dangerous; calls the police. 7. House-dog. 8. A lone widow; safe to bully.

not extract money and food from the women, he uses threats and force, whilst with the children he steals whatever he can lay his hands on—clothes, money or food. Not many months ago a brutal ruffian got his deserts at the Old Bailey for having practically stripped a little girl of six, who was left shivering in the rain, whilst the hulking brute who had attacked her pawned her clothes and proceeded to get drunk on the cash which he received from "uncle."

Unfortunately for the public at large the law deals rather leniently with the rogue and vagabond. A rattling, soul-stirring flogging should be included in the punishment, and then perhaps the offences of which this class of criminal are guilty would be fewer than they are at the present time.

During the course of the year scores of women are held up and robbed on lonely country roads, hundreds more living

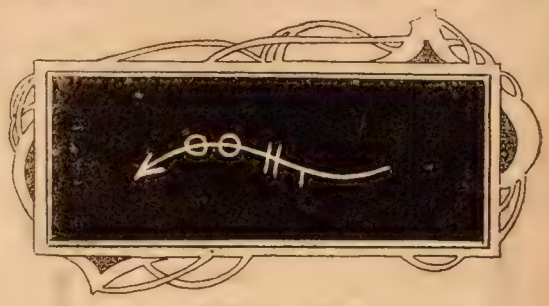


A Guide to the Open-handed.

in the suburbs are terrorised into parting with loose cash, whilst some of the great London parks are haunted by bands of ruffians who levy blackmail to a lively tune.

A couple of sweethearts take an evening stroll in the Park, and, as lovers are accustomed to do, seek the shade, rather than the well-lit roads. A couple of scoundrels watch them and follow along the path they have taken. At a favourable moment they confront the lovers under threats of bringing all sorts of charges against them, demand in blood-curdling language as much money as they think the man is good for in order to close their mouths.

No matter how innocent of wrongdoing the lovers may be, neither the man nor the woman cares about a scene, and rather than that the former, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, parts with his money, and ever afterwards shuns



A Message on the Road.

the shady parts of the Park. Sometimes the blackmailer catches a tartar. An instance of this sort occurred one night in the autumn of last year.

The young man pounced upon happened to be, though slightly built, an athlete in perfect training, and exceedingly clever with his hands and feet, for he had for his own amusement practised the French method of fighting with the legs and feet. His ladylove knew he could take care of himself, and so had no fear when the pair of blackmailers, on being refused the money they demanded, threatened to interfere with the young lover's internal economy. From the threats to the moment of taking action was a brief space of time, but as the blackmailers moved to the attack so they discovered that there was more than their own two selves in the fight. With a terrific kick in the stomach the athlete doubled up one of his assailants, and then, not wishing to soil his hands on such scum, and desiring to teach them a wholesome lesson, he caught the other fairly under the chin with a blow from his toe, which made the ruffian see more electric lights in the next few seconds than existed in all London.

Neither wanted nor asked for any more of the same treat-

Sign Manual of a Notorious Tramp. It will be noted that it is done in a single continuous line.

ment, and, though the athlete was anxious to deal them out a few more "aids to digestion," he thought he had done sufficient, and continued his interrupted stroll.

Another pair foolishly tackled a detective from a provincial town who happened to be in London for the purpose of taking a prisoner back. The officer, who was a match for them both, quietly pummelled them until they begged for mercy, then took them along until he saw a policeman, called the uniformed man's attention to the pair, and departed. Next day the pair of ruffians were given six months' hard labour each, and, though the history goes no further, it is not too much to say that their plank beds and bruises did not agree.

Quiet country roads on the outskirts of the suburbs are frequented by a similar class of men who in the day-time spend the hours by making house to house calls in search of grub or cash. If a woman answers the door the ruffians thrust a foot inside to prevent it being closed, and threaten all sorts of things unless their demands are acceded to. On these occasions a fierce bulldog is handy.

Keep a dog, and it is any odds that the suburban housekeeper will not be troubled by these cowardly pests. They

know better than to call at a house protected in this fashion. In this, as in other cases, they have a code of signals well known to every rogue which enables them to steer clear of dangerous places and to haunt those where their class is well treated.

Our artist reproduces some of these signs. A circle with a perpendicular stroke inscribed on the gateposts of a house indicate that dogs are kept and that it is dangerous to venture inside. Another danger-signal consists of two perpendicular strokes intersected by one horizontal line, which means that the police will be sent for. This generally appears on the side of a house which has a telephone wire running into it, for some rogue or other has discovered, perhaps to his cost, that the inhabitants of the establishment have a nasty habit of ringing up the police to tell them that

KIND FRIENDS
THIS SHOWS THE MANNER & EFFECTS OF ACCIDENT IT OCCURED AT THE BAKER ST STATION
THE METROPOLITAN RAILWAY
WHILE FOLFILLING MY DUTY AS RAILWAY PORTER
I WAS THROWN BETWEEN A TRAIN IN MOTION AND THE PLATFORM AND SO CRUSHED THAT MY TWO HANDS HAD TO BE AMPUTATED AT THE WRISTS
WHICH RENDERS ME UNABLE TO WORK FOR MY LIVING
FOR MYSELF WIFE AND FIVE YOUNG CHILDREN

The Railway Accident Picture.

there is a tramp in the neighbourhood. A plain circle indicates that the people of the house are generous, and a circle containing an "X" that only "grub" will be given to beggars. An "X" standing by itself is one of the bad signs, and tells the tramp that it is waste of time calling, for the people will give him nothing, whilst a sign which consists of a perpendicular line with a horizontal one underneath positively makes the rogue shudder. It means that work will be offered. On the other hand, a perpendicular line intersected by two other lines brings joy to the heart of the ruffians who understand the hieroglyphic, for it tells them that the occupant of the house is a lone widow, whom it is quite safe to bully. A cross tells them to work the "pious lay" if they wish to succeed. There are quite a number of other signs. A letter "T," or what looks like one, indicates that tinned meat is kept for the benefit of tramps, and a diamond that the place is good. A circle with a dot in the centre tells the tramp that if he calls at the house he will be detained until the police arrive, and is sure of a month in "quod," whilst a square, which is known as "Gammy," carries a similar meaning. A figure 2 with a straight stroke through the tail tells the tramp to stop in the district he is approaching. This sign is used on the outskirts of a village, and means that he will have a good time. But if, on approaching a village, a tramp sees chalked on a telegraph post a letter "Y" lying on its side, with the tail pointing back along the road he has traversed, he knows that it is best for him to retrace his footsteps. If, however, the tail points onward he knows that he must go straight through the township he is approaching until he meets a good sign on the farther side.

A tramp who has found a few good houses in a street indicates them by scratching a couple of arrows on the wall, and adding figures which tell the reader the numbers of the generous places. This is a guide to the open-handed and one which no tramp disregards.

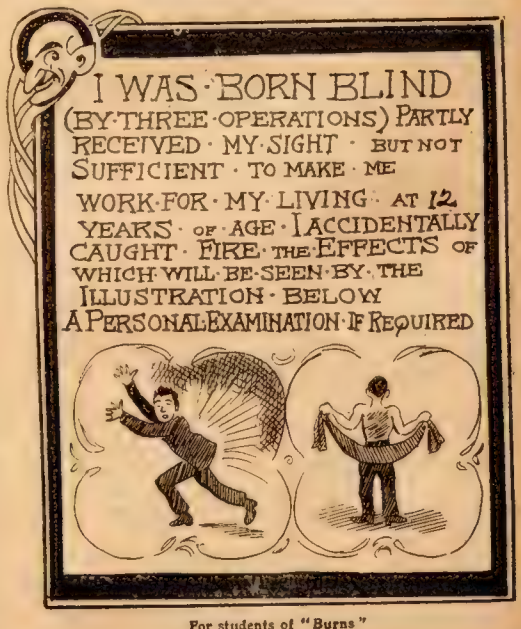
Now we come to a couple of old-time signs—messages left on the side of a road for other tramps to read. The picture of a hedge and trees which, as our readers will notice, is drawn all in one unbroken line, is the sign manual of a famous foreign vagabond who had once occupied a good position, but had fallen from his high estate. The other, a curving arrow decorated with circles and lines, indicates that a certain tramp has passed along accompanied by two children (the circles), two friends (the long strokes), and his wife (the short stroke).

Doubtless many readers have come across the rogues who, posing as old soldiers or sailors or maimed miners, have preyed on the charitable. Of course, there are many really deserving cases to be met with, and it is this fact which makes these lays so much favoured by the rogues who adopt them. They know that the charitable will take pity on them, and, whilst robbing the givers, they also prevent the real sufferers from obtaining money which would otherwise go to them.

One rogue with both his arms, sound and muscular, strapped across his breast, posed as an armless soldier who had been maimed at Kassassin. He told a harrowing story of the battle, in which in reality the British lost seven killed, but in which according to him they lost several thousands, in fighting which lasted several days. One day a policeman who had served under Graham in this campaign heard the story and exposure quickly followed.

The bogus blind and deaf and dumb are too commonplace to call for description, but there is real artistry in some rogues.

In the East End of London, as we stated in the commencement of this article, there are several men who earn a capital living by printing cards and painting scenes for fraudulent beggars. The swindler, having decided the "lay" which will suit him best, visits the "printer," and tells him exactly what he requires. The latter will write doggerel verses or a lengthy story describing the accident which brought disaster to the wearer of the placard, and will paint a picture full of harrowing details of the incident. The picture, say, represents an explosion, with legs and arms and other parts of the body flying through the air and a liberal display of blood. Or perhaps it is a railway accident—we reproduce one of the efforts in this direction—that it is necessary to illustrate, and the "writer" is equal to the emergency. Another of our sketches was used by a man who was "born blind"—that is to any sense of the


I WAS BORN BLIND
(BY THREE OPERATIONS) PARTLY
RECEIVED MY SIGHT BUT NOT
SUFFICIENT TO MAKE ME
WORK FOR MY LIVING AT 12
YEARS OF AGE I ACCIDENTALLY
CAUGHT FIRE THE EFFECTS OF
WHICH WILL BE SEEN BY THE
ILLUSTRATION BELOW
A PERSONAL EXAMINATION IF REQUIRED

For students of "Burns"

fitness of things—for otherwise his sight is as good as can be wished for.

The museum of the Mendicity Society contains many of these sketches, as well as several others, and a huge stock of the most artful and well-written begging-letters it is possible to imagine. There are also a heap of bogus subscription lists.

These bogus sketches are supplied by the artists for a very small sum. Twopence will buy a poem, whilst the value of the picture ranges from eighteenpence to five shillings. A wreck picture or the illustration of railway and colliery accidents are much dearer, panning out at anything up to five shillings. In this case the writer takes weekly instalments to pay for the "work of art," and does not part with it until the money has all been received.

Which shows that, though there may be honour amongst thieves, they do not trust one another.

THE ACCUSER ACCUSED.

How a bootlace brought James Mullins to the Scaffold

"The man hath Penance done,
And Penance more will do."
—COLERIDGE, "The Ancient Mariner."

"WHAT'S up?" said a woman of frowsy and squalid appearance to another, who might have been her double, as a crowd rapidly collected in front of a small house where an inspector and sergeant of police, in company of a gentleman of legal aspect, and an elderly man of respectable appearance, had just entered, after having been admitted by another member of the force, who had effected an entrance in the rear of the premises.

"Why! They says as old Mrs. Emsley, mayhap, 'as been murdered. She ain't been seen for days, and they says as she's got a sight of money in her 'ouse. You knows her well enuff. She as turned out old Mrs. Barker and 'er kids, an' Mrs. Barker a-cussin an' a-swearin' like mad. They says as cusses goes 'ome to roost, but I'm thinkin' as maybe they've a-settled in the right quarter this time!"

"Ah, I knows her!" replied her friend. "She's a fair 'ot 'un, she is. They say as all Barnsley Street belongs to 'er, let alone a lot more 'ouses elsewheres, an' money in the bank. I wonder if we shall 'ear summat if we stays?"

It was not long before the sergeant reappeared and summoned Dr. Gill from Bow Road, who returned with him. This circumstance served still more to whet the excitement and curiosity of the crowd, and it required some half-a-dozen constables to keep the crowd away, after having turned out of the garden a few of the more bold, who had been struggling and taking it in turns to peep through the two little windows into the lower rooms.

It was not long before the dreadful truth spread that the old woman had been foully murdered. When Inspector Thornton, with Sergeants Tanner and Thomas, entered, they ascended the stairs, carefully avoiding the marks of footprints which had evidently been made by someone whose boots had been stained in blood. They found nothing to indicate any struggle or disorder of any kind until they reached a small room at the top of the house, where lay the body of the miserly old creature who had been amassing bit by bit out of the miserable, poverty-stricken beings who earned their wretched living by working for their hard task-masters (who sweated them in the first place), and then had to hand over to landlords, like the greedy old woman who now lay lifeless, the half of their scanty earnings, and for what, forsooth, but the privilege—God save the mark—of living in their squalid dens.

Dead, she lay, her decomposing body giving forth an insufferable stench, her skull battered in, with pieces of sharp, jagged bones falling out, but still clinging to the long, thin, white hair which had escaped from her cap, torn by the blows of her murderous assailant, and held together by the blood which bound it in patches, and other pieces of bone splintered and crushed and hammered into the protruding brain by the same remorseless hand.

The face was much swollen from decomposition, and had lost all expression. A large pool of blood extended from the head, saturating the lower portion of the dress. There were splashes of blood on the surrounding furniture, also against the doorpost and on a roll of paper lying behind her. These splashes were hard, dry, and shining. The whole of the scalp was torn into shreds; coagulated blood was over the whole skull. The wounds had evidently been caused by some blunt, heavy instrument

The absence of marks of violence on the doors showed that the murderer must have been known to his victim.

"Who was the two as went in with the perlice?" said one of the two women.

"Don't yer know? That's Mr. Emms, him as worked for 'er this long time past, and gets in 'er rents at Stratford. My old man lends 'im a 'and when he wants 'elp. He's a good workman is Mr. Emms, but he's no more than the rest of us, he ain't got no more brass than he knows what to do with!"

"I wonder who's a-goin' to have the job of layin' of 'er out? Blessed if I should like it. Don't think as she would make a 'ansome corpse."

The two women laughed and chuckled over what they thought was a mighty fine joke, and joined some of their friends in the crowd.

Having made a thorough search of the premises, without however finding anything affording a clue to the mystery, the Inspector and Sergeant Dillon proceeded to Scotland Yard to hand in their report.

On the Monday following Mr. Humphreys, coroner for the Eastern Division of Middlesex, and a jury summoned from the principal inhabitants of Stepney, met, and an inquest was opened at the Railway Tavern into the cause of the death of Mrs. Emsley, possessed of considerable property and of penurious and eccentric habits, who was found dead in her house, No. 9, Grove Road, Mile End, on the previous Friday, under circumstances which admitted of no doubt that the poor creature was barbarously murdered.

Walter Thomas Emms, who lived at Emsley brickfields, and collected rents for the deceased, gave evidence that he last saw her alive in Bethnal Green the Monday previous. He had told her he wanted some more taps for one of her houses in Barnsley Street, where he was doing some repairs. He sent his son for the taps in the evening, but as he could get no answer he sent him again the next morning, with the same result. He went himself on Wednesday, for she usually accompanied him on that day to collect rents. He knocked at the door, but receiving no answer, concluded she had gone out and would meet him at Stratford, where he proceeded, but not meeting her he collected rents and called on her in the evening, but he did not find her at home.

On the day following he sent his wife with the money he had collected, but as she could not gain admission he called himself in the evening, but still no answer was obtained. He hesitated to call on her relatives, Mr. Faith and Mr. Whittaker, and went again to her house at eleven o'clock, but as no one came he was much alarmed, and on returning home he sent his daughter to see if the front parlour windows were open, as he had perceived them to be on the day previous.

She returned stating that they were, and that she had rapped at the door, but still no one replied, so he sent his wife among the neighbours to make inquiries the next morning, and told her to let no one enter the house until he had been to see Mr. Rose, Mrs. Emsley's lawyer.

On seeing Mr. Rose, that gentleman thought it probable the deceased had gone away for a holiday, but he told him he did not consider it likely, as Mrs. Emsley had promised to take himself and his wife out of town with her for that purpose. She was a very close woman as to her money, but he did not think she kept any large sum in the house.

Sergeant Dillon gave evidence that at the request of Mr. Rose he entered the deceased's house, and found, in the room where she lay, a gold mourning ring, but no money except two pennies. He searched the house, which was not in the least disorder. The back room shutter was unfastened, but with no appearance of its having been forced, and the front and back doors were not locked. There were marks of blood on the top landing of the stairs. There were also footmarks in blood outside the room and on the staircase.

Inspector Kierney, who examined the premises with Sergeant Dillon, said he found a window raised about half-a-foot in the room, and corroborated, in general terms, the evidence of the previous witness, but stated in addition that it appeared it was well known in the neighbourhood that she must have had at times large sums of money in the house, possibly secreted in various places, for on searching a sum of £48 was discovered under some coal in the shed. She was in the habit of banking at the London and Westminster Bank, but as she had not much faith in banks, she did not leave it there long. She purchased property in all directions, in Bethnal Green, Romford, Barking, and Peckham, and had little patches of house property in some of the most wretched parts of Bethnal Green and the surrounding neighbourhood, the rents of which she spent most of her life collecting personally from the most humble class of people, to none of whom she gave, under any pretence whatever, more than a week's grace, and in case of non-payment immediately ejected them. She had told a friend, however, her intention to leave all her property for the endowment of an almshouse after death, and had consulted her solicitor as to the preparation of a will to carry out her views.

The evidence of Dr. Gill, the medical gentleman who had examined the body of the deceased, was also taken, but nothing of fresh interest transpired, and the inquiry was adjourned.

The audacity of the murderer almost exceeded his barbarity, for the house was situated in an open thoroughfare where there was considerable traffic, and was close to Bow Road. The murderer would have had to cross a small garden before reaching the front door, and again in sight of the neighbours. The murder was certainly committed in broad daylight, for there was no candle in the room, nor any appearance of any having been there.

The most experienced detectives were employed on the case, and Inspector Thornton, with Sergeants Tanner and Thomas, were engaged in the endeavour to discover a clue leading to the detection of the murderer, while a reward of £100, afterwards increased to £300, was offered for evidence which would lead to his identification.

Some few days after the reward of £300 had been posted at all police stations in London, a man named James Mullins called on Inspector Thornton, and in his absence told his wife that he wanted to communicate something about the murder.

James Mullins was an Irishman, who had formerly been in the Irish Constabulary, but owing to his having been employed very conspicuously in the endeavour to worm out the secrets of the Fenian Brotherhood, in which capacity he had displayed considerable tact and courage, and had rendered himself particularly obnoxious, he had found it convenient to transfer his services to London, where he had remained until incapacitated for duty. He was compelled to leave the force, and earned his living as a plasterer, and latterly had been employed almost permanently by Mrs. Emsley, to whom he acted as a kind of factotum or general utility man. He was a tall, determined-looking man, of rather spare build, with sandy whiskers and hair. Such was the man who, finding the Inspector absent, proceeded to Sergeant Tanner's address, which Mrs. Thornton had given him, No. 4, Wood Street, Westminster, at about six in the evening.

After some little hesitation he knocked at the door, and stating he wished to see the sergeant on important business, was told to wait. It was not long before Mr. Tanner appeared, to whom he was known, as the sergeant had questioned him, as well as many others who had been in the habit of meeting the deceased.

"I have called to see you, sir, respecting this murder. You know I have been trying my best to find out the man who did it. Mr. Inspector Kierney has, I believe, told you that I have been useful to him in finding out thieves and the likes of them since I left the force, but I never thought as I should have to do with a murder job."

"Well, Mullins," said the sergeant, "I shall be glad to know anything you have to say, for we are all anxious at Scotland Yard, and this case has given us much uneasiness. The public think we are to blame because we cannot do impossibilities, but they little know the difficulties we have to contend with. Now then, out with it, my man. Tell us what you know?"

"Then, sir," replied Mullins, "I may tell you I have had my suspicions from the first. I believe it is Mr. Emms himself, him as first gave information as he couldn't get at the old lady to give her the rents he had collected for her. I have been watching him on and off for days, but he's artful, sir, and I've had to be careful. I may say as artful as a snake. Well, sir, this morning I got over my breakfast as quick as I could, and I hurries across to the brick-fields close by where he lives to see what he was doing. Something seemed to tell me I should find out something, and sure enough I had only just time to get behind a stack of bricks, when I see my man coming from his cottage holding something in one of his hands, and he goes towards a shed which stands about fifty paces from his place; but he seemed to think better of it, and turned back, as though he couldn't make up his mind, do you see? But after a bit he walks again slowly to the shed, and then, looking carefully about him, he opens the door and goes in quick, and I noticed when he comes out—and he wasn't there long—as he had left the parcel behind. I shouldn't have thought so much about it if it hadn't been for the way he looked about him. You may take my word for it, sir, that there's something in that small parcel as will set us on the right track."

"It is possible you may be right, Mullins," said the ser-

AVOIDING THE MARK OF FOOTPRINTS.

"LOOK BEHIND THE SLAB."

geant; "but we must be cautious how we proceed. Mr. Emms has a very high character in the neighbourhood. Had you any idea what the parcel contained?"

"No, sir. I wasn't close enough, but I can show you the shed!" eagerly replied the ex-policeman, as he cast a keen, sharp glance at Sergeant Tanner.

"You must come with me at once, and repeat all you have told me to Inspector Thornton, for I must take his instructions," rejoined the sergeant. "I expect he will be at the Yard by now."

So saying, Sergeant Tanner and the informer walked rapidly towards Scotland Yard. The sergeant bade Mullins wait outside while he entered Chief-Superintendent Williamson's office, where, as he expected, he found Mr. Inspector Thornton.

Mullins was soon summoned into their presence and closely interrogated. As he adhered closely to his account of Emms's suspicious movements, it was finally arranged that Inspector Thornton and Sergeant Tanner should meet him early on the following morning at the brick-fields close by the cottage where Emms lived.

The two officers having met on the Sunday morning as arranged, Sergeant Tanner, by direction of Inspector Thornton, proceeded to search the shed, while Sergeant Thomas, who had been directed to assist, was told to narrowly watch Emms's cottage and prevent anyone leaving. Mullins was told to remain out of sight, and as there happened to be a public-house within a stone's throw, and with a full view from the bar windows of the shed, brick-fields, and the cottage where the unsuspicious Emms and his family lived, he was directed to enter and watch their movements, and to come directly he was sent for.

After remaining for a few minutes in the shed, Sergeant Tanner rejoined the inspector, and the two officers held a short consultation. They beckoned to Mullins to come forward, and told him the search had been fruitless and the shed full of nothing but rubbish.

"Why," said Mullins, "you haven't half searched the place! Mrs. Emsley had a small box with odds and ends of every description in when murdered. Come, and I'll show you!"

"We don't wish it known, Mullins, that you are the informer, and we don't wish Emms to be suspicious, but I think, however, you can go into the shed if you think you can be of assistance."

The sergeant again entered, Mullins following him closely, and after a short inspection he directed the officer's attention to some paving-stones placed in a corner.

"Look behind that b—— slab at the side of the wall. Pull down those bricks!" he exclaimed.

The sergeant threw down the slab, and behind it saw on the ground a small paper parcel, which, picking up, he left the shed and handed to Inspector Thornton, who, seeing Emms leaving his cottage at that moment, advanced to meet him.

"Mr. Emms, I want a few words with you and an explanation if you can give it about this parcel which may seriously concern yourself. We have been told that you were seen to hide it in this shed early yesterday morning. I do not yet know what it contains, and I propose to open it in your presence." As he spoke he removed the lace with which it was fastened, carefully placing it in a side-pocket, and unfolded the paper. It contained a few telescope glasses and some trifling articles of no value; also a small piece of paper, which the inspector proceeded to unfold.

"Good God, Mr. Thornton, this is a foul plot! It is Pickering's cheque paid to old Mrs. Emsley the day of the murder. I swear before heaven I never placed it there! This is a wicked and cruel conspiracy! Why, sir, I did not leave home till after ten o'clock yesterday, for I was ill in bed. Both my wife and daughter will tell you so."

Inspector Thornton now called to Sergeants Tanner and Thomas to come, and, taking the latter aside, told him to go and question Mrs. Emms and her daughter as to the truth of Emms being ill and prevented leaving the house the morning before.

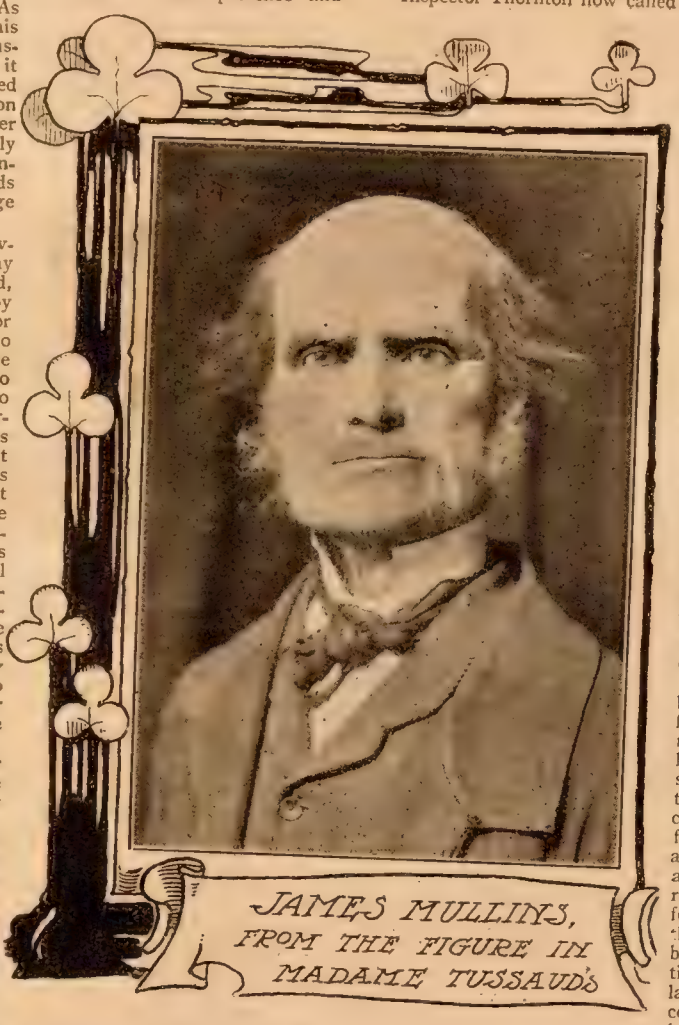
Meanwhile, Mullins had been eagerly questioning Sergeant Tanner as to the contents of the parcel.

"Do you know if there was money in it?" he said.

"I don't know. I have given it to Mr. Thornton," he replied. "But you may be sure that, should there be anything in the information you have given us you will be entitled to any advantage coming."

Mullins rubbed his hands, as he said, with glee, "I shall not forget you, sergeant; you shall have some of the £300 when I have it handed over!"

Seeing the inspector beckoning him to come forward, Sergeant Tanner told Mullins to follow, and joined his superior officer, who, taking him on one side, conversed earnestly for a few minutes, now and again glancing earnestly at the two men, who remained silent and a few paces apart. Once the inspector turned his back to them, and cautiously withdrew the lace with which the parcel had been tied from his pocket, and which the two examined carefully, occasionally glancing towards where Mullins stood.



JAMES MULLINS, FROM THE FIGURE IN MADAME TUSSAUD'S

It had not escaped the observation of that experienced officer that the lace was similar in appearance to that with which one of the informer's boots was fastened, and the importance of this fact was immediately recognised by Sergeants Tanner and Thomas, the latter having returned, after obtaining a corroboration of Emms's illness the day previous from his wife and daughter.

Mr. Thornton now called to the two men to approach.

"Mr. Emms," he said, "I regret I shall have to ask you to accompany us to the station. Certain property has been found on your premises. I advise you to say nothing now. You will have every opportunity afforded later on.

"And you, Mullins," he continued, "I shall require you to attend. Follow with the sergeants."

So saying, the inspector walked rapidly away, Emms walking by his side with downcast eyes and a face full of

consternation, while Mullins followed between the two sergeants.

When at the station the usual forms were quickly gone through, and the accused man Emms confined in safe custody on suspicion.

"And now, Mullins, step forward!" said the inspector, pointing to the raised platform with iron rail in front. "You will have to explain some matters which are at present unsatisfactory, but it is my duty to inform you whatever you say will be taken down and may be used against you hereafter."

Mullins, who was totally unprepared for such a climax to his morning's work, turned white as a sheet, and, stammering out that he had never expected to be treated in such a manner after all he had done, did as he was told, for he knew by the stern expression on the faces of the three men that the game was up.

The news soon got wind that at last the police had not only arrested one man, but two, on suspicion, and boys shouted out the intelligence, eager to sell the extra-late editions of the more enterprising Sunday journals, as they ran along the streets among the people returning from evening service.

The two men appeared the next morning before Mr. Selfe, the kind-hearted and genial magistrate who then presided at the Thames Police Court, and who is still remembered with affection by those with whom he came in contact. It soon transpired that the police had suspicions of Mullins from the first, but were unable to obtain any clue which would justify them in preferring a formal accusation.

Mullins, after having been examined before Mr. Selfe at the Thames Police Court, was finally committed for trial. The evidence, although entirely circumstantial, appeared clear and irresistible. It was proved beyond a doubt that various articles, such as plated spoons, which must have been removed from her house after her death, were found in his lodgings in Chelsea, where his wife and family lived, also a boot, blood-stained, with hair similar to Mrs. Emsley's clinging to the sole, and the tread of which was the same as the footprint of the murderer on the staircase of the little house in Grove Road, Stepney. The hammer which was used by Mullins was examined by Dr. Gill, who stated that the impressions and wounds on the skull of the deceased would be caused by such an implement. The fact, also, of Mrs. Mullins selling to the barman of a public-house in Chelsea an old-fashioned silver pencil-case, sworn to by the Rev. Joseph Biggs, an Apostolic minister and her whilom admirer, as one he had often seen and had noticed her using the day before her murder, joined to the evidence of other independent witnesses, who deposed as to his general appearance, and, most damning evidence of all, the perfect similarity of pattern, age, and colour of the lace used to tie up the paper parcel found in the shed and the odd bootlace used by the informer Mullins to fasten one of his boots. The whole formed a chain of evidence which was considered conclusive, and, after a careful and exhaustive summing up on the part of the learned judge, the prisoner was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged.

The usual ribald, disorderly, and drunken crowd assembled outside Newgate long before daybreak, and struggled for best places, the first-comer to be first served with the best chance of seeing the doing to death of a fellow-creature.

To the last protesting his innocence, he was led forth, pinioned, made to walk and assist in his own funeral procession, listen to the sound of the tolling bell while the minister repeated the solemn words: "For I am the Resurrection and the Life." Then the cord, roughly adjusted round his neck by the brutal hangman, the bolt withdrawn, and Mullins was launched into eternity on November 19, 1860.

Shylock's Demand.

An eminent American lawyer named Peyton was once sitting in the Criminal Court at Baltimore, when a brother lawyer was addressing the jury with great eloquence and vigour, and, having in the heat of the moment just thought of an admirable point which he wished to make with telling effect, he rather abruptly stopped, turned round to the bar, and asked, "What was the name of that man in the Bible who would always have his pound of flesh?" Peyton was sitting at his side, and with great gravity at once answered "Absalom." And so poor Absalom was called up from the vasty deep to give point to the terrible pathos and to have fathered on him one of the immortal Shakespeare's best known characters. But the lawyer was quite flabbergasted when he found that his finest passage only made the Court and jury roar with laughter.

THE TRIAL AND . . . . .
MILITARY EXECUTION OF

GUNNER EDWARDS, R.A.

FOR SHOOTING AT THE ADJUTANT, CAPTAIN EDWARD KEATE, R.A. . . .

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."
—GRAY, "Elegy in a Country Churchyard."

PART II.

THE next afternoon but one there was the usual muster of officers'-mess waiters, officers' servants, orderlies, and others, enjoying a smoke at the side entrance of the Auberge de Castille, in Strada Mercanti, listening to their favourite tune, Handel's "Dead March in Saul." Chopin's, and Beethoven's, and other what one may almost term "fancy" Dead Marches had hardly come into vogue. At any rate, these men liked music, but their duties prevented them going to hear the bands play in the Palace Square. Even two storeys above there might be seen the heads of a couple of young officers, and a third head might be seen behind those two, as its owner tried to conceal the fact that, in spite of his being in shirt-sleeves playing billiards, he could not restrain his curiosity from making him peep out of the open window to see to which regiment belonged the poor fellow who was preceded by the band and followed by the firing party and the mourners, juniors to the front, marching in slow time, trying to keep pace with that most unintelligible music, as his body was being drawn on a tumbril by two commissariat mules from the Valetta Station Hospital to the Addolorata Cemetery.

If the procession were accompanied by the pipes, it was surely a Highlander that was being buried. If the music were a regimental band, or the drums and fifes taking the place of the band, it might be *anybody* that was being taken to the grave. As the funeral party passed the Auberge de Castille, all pipes were taken out of men's mouths, all the Maltese present removed their hats, all soldiers saluted, such soldiers as were mess-waiters, or officers' servants, or grooms, "touching" their hats.

Hardly had the procession passed the archway to the Castille, when a non-commissioned officer, who had just returned from copying "general orders" at the Palace, told the little assembly:

"They will want that tune to-morrow for a live 'un, not a dead 'un. The band of the Fencibles is in orders to be at Fort Ricasoli to-morrow morning when that general court-martial is read out."

"It doesn't follow from that that the prisoner is sentenced to death. They may be only going to play 'God save the Queen.'"

"Wait till you hear the orders read out to-night in your barrack-room, and then you'll know."

One Carmelo Spiteri, a sort of hanger-on of the officers of the garrison, had been listening to this conversation. Said he, "*Aspetta momento*; I go find out."

"Well, and I can't say as I'm surprised," exclaimed an old veteran of the Sikh Wars. "If every time a fellow has a bit of undigested cucumber irritating his smaller intestine,

instead of treating himself to a penn'orth o' castor-oil, or else reporting sick, he goes an' fires off a rifle at an orficer, there's an end to all soldiering."

"I'd watch reporting sick! Why, they starves yer till yer big guts is tired o' chasin' yer little guts."

"That's all very fine, young fellow. Half the folks that die in hospital die from disobedience of orders, getting hold of solid food when they are ordered slops. And if a man's sick, he is better in bed than trying to cure himself with castor-oil. But this prisoner—I call him a silly case of suicide. Of course I am sorry for him, but if any of you boys had drawn the gun—which I know you can't have—and was too nervous to pull the trigger, I'd do it for you. I'm used to these jobs out in India."

"I can't make out how he missed the officer if he meant to hit him."

"Well, you weren't there to see. No more was I, either. You never need wonder at anything *not* happening. Why, when I was in India there was a man had a grievance. He was going to be even with his colonel, somehow. They told

Commenced reading in a loud voice.

him what a fool he was, how his constitution wouldn't stand four hundred lashes. He *would* have 'em. He said he had been done out of four annas, and he was going to pay a rupee for a court-martial. He gets his rupee, and throws it at the colonel's head. Instead of hitting the colonel's head, it drops somewhere near his own boots. Well, he gets his four hundred, to be administered *in slow time*. At the next halt he got 'em, or a good lot of 'em. How he did howl! But he saw the colonel's lady driving up in her tum-tum. So he left off cursing and swearing. Now the colonel's lady was 'after the manner of women'——"

"What's that?"

"Why, she was expecting her confinement shortly. So the prisoner up at the triangles began to howl, 'God bless our colonel, and God bless our colonel's lady, and may she have a happy issue out of all her tribulations.' The drummers couldn't flog for laughing, and the officers in front could hardly hold their sides, and the doctor whispered to the colonel that it might be a very serious thing to the colonel's lady if, in her then condition, she should see the flogging—which she had already done—and worse if she should hear the prisoner talking about her. So the colonel stopped the roll of the drums, and the flogging stopped when he'd had two hundred and ten. The colonel wasn't taking any risks, and the prisoner asked leave to go and tell the colonel's lady he wasn't hurt a bit."

"Wasn't he hurt a bit?"

The question was never answered, for an officer passed, and the men all saluted him, just as he was being hailed by Carmelo Spiteri, who had returned.

"There will be a revolution in Malta over this, signor. I have been to the Lascaris Barracks. The Fencible Band is to go to Fort Ricasoli *with draped drums* to-morrow, signor! They are going to shoot that man! It is illegal, signor! It is contrary to the Code Rohan! The chief justice would only have given the man five years! There may be extenuating circumstances! There will be trouble over this! If the man had killed the officer, the civil power would have claimed the right to try him for murder, and would have investigated the mitigating circumstances. Because the soldier does *not* kill the officer, you English shoot the soldier! It is impious! It is infamous! Oh—er!"

It would be hard to write down Spiteri's last execration in a manner strictly phonetical. It contained all the venom of one who hated the powers that be, and who would be "agin' the Government" in any country.

After all, Spiteri was no great class. He had no business to have spoken to a British officer like that. The reply was:

"Revolutions aren't made with rose-water, Spiteri; and they are not made out of the garlic-laden bad language of a Maltese Joe."

And the officer turned down towards the Union Club, in Strada Reale.

There was a gloom cast over everybody. Spiteri was right, Edwards was to be shot next morning.

Every pressure was put upon His Excellency, Sir John Gaspard le Marchant, the Governor, to try and induce him to quash the proceedings as being illegal according to the terms on which Great Britain assumed the reins of government over Malta and her Dependencies of Gozo and Comino. There are good lawyers in Malta—to be counted on one's fingers and toes. There are pettifogging lawyers, exceeding the hairs of one's head in number. They had no case. There were in the Grand Harbour foreign men-o'-war belonging to several Powers. Their officers were honorary members of the Union Club. They alluded to Edwards in their conversation with English officers.

"Why, such a thing as will happen to-morrow occurs once a month in Algeria! It is pretty sure to be talked of all over the world. *We* shall be all the safer, owing to a British soldier having been shot for shooting at an officer."

Then the Church had its say. The bells in every cathedral and church were made to ring noisily. But Malta would hardly be Malta were there no church bells ringing. And some of the churches were draped in black. But Sir Gaspard le Marchant did not enter them to look.

Moreover, outside the churches, and walking about the streets, were a confraternity of laymen who dress themselves up as white friars, with night-caps over their faces, before every execution, collecting alms to be spent in Masses for the repose of the soul of the man that is about to die. These gave every possible publicity to the fact that "A life was going to be taken for less than a life." But nothing could move His Excellency from his plainly-marked path of duty. He was inflexible to petition, advice, or threat.

There was no revolution in Malta.

Fort Ricasoli is situated on the point of the land that, with the many creeks running into it from the Grand Harbour, forms the eastern rock-bound coast of that harbour. A lighthouse is placed on it. Another lighthouse stands on Fort Tigne, which is on the further side of the Marsamucetto Harbour, on the other side of Valetta, a city which is in the shape of a triangle, whose apex is at Fort St. Elmo, whose lighthouse is the middle one of the three. There is a wind called Scirocco, which blows from the south-east, and which takes all the starch out of one. There is another wind which blows from the north-east, sending the full swell of the Mediterranean right into both of the Malta harbours.

It is only a matter of an eight-mile march from Valetta round by road to Fort Ricasoli. Yet nobody ever thinks of walking or even of driving round, except as a matter of necessity, when a Gregale is blowing. And, of course, the garrison of Gozo can only communicate with Malta by boat. But on the morning of the big parade at Fort Ricasoli there were no Maltese gondolas, known locally as "dghaisas," plying between the Nix Mangiare Stairs and Ricasoli. A few venturesome ones made the crossing from the Custom House to San Lorenzo Steps, a mile and a half distant from Ricasoli. Years ago, a light-hearted criminal who was about to be hanged remarked that there was no hurry, as they would not

begin without him. This general parade was ordered for every regiment in the garrison, and every ship in the fleet, or, at any rate, a representative body from each.

The bad weather necessitated regimental musters on regimental private parades taking place at an earlier hour than had been regimentally anticipated the night before. Many an officer had to do without his breakfast. The rank and file in those days never had anything for breakfast but a bit of dry bread, which they soaked in their coffee. Men who had to cross those harbours with nothing in their stomach did not like it, while as for those who had made the particularly unpleasant voyage from Gozo—well, they looked as if they had made it.

sections of the Military Act. Under which particular section the charge was framed, we cannot pretend to be able to say.

"The court find the prisoner, Gunner Edwards, R.A., is guilty of the charge.

"The court sentence the prisoner, Gunner Edwards, R.A., to be

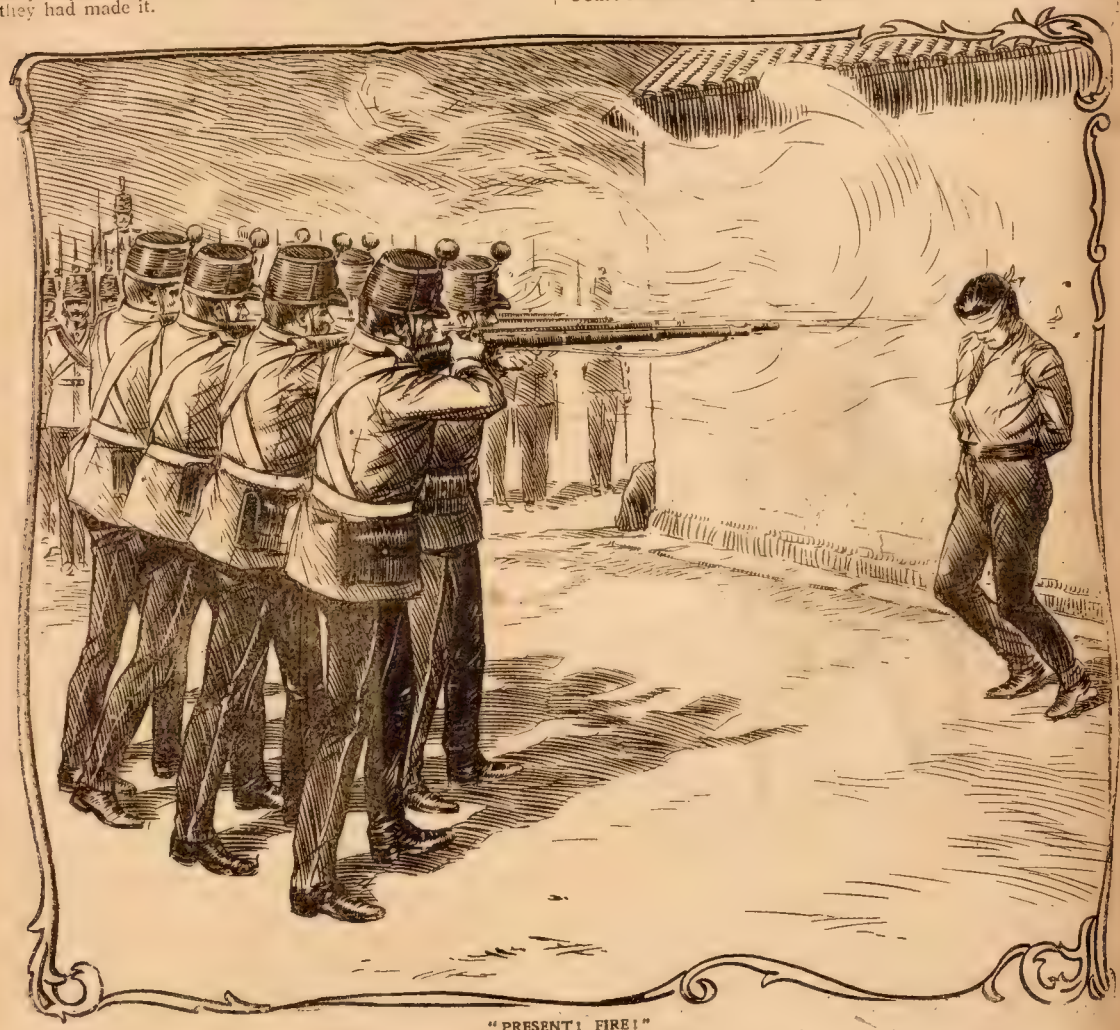
SHOT TO DEATH.

"Signed at Malta, this day, etc., etc.

"———, Colonel.

"———, President.

"Confirmed and approved. The proceedings of this Court-Martial to be promulgated at Fort Ricasoli, Malta, to-



"PRESENT! FIRE!"

There is a queer sort of a hole in the parade ground at Fort Ricasoli. The sea has honeycombed its way right underneath it, and when there is a Gregale blowing, the spray comes up a hundred feet into the air, driven through this hole. The parade ground was impracticable for parade purposes owing to this spray, so the troops were formed up in three sides of a square in Fort Ricasoli main ditch.

Gunner Edwards was brought under escort into the centre of the hollow square.

A staff officer commenced reading in a loud voice:

"Proceedings of a General Court-Martial, held at Malta, on the so-and-so and so-and-so, by order of Lieutenant-General Sir John Gaspard Le Marchant, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., commanding the troops, Malta. President, Colonel So-and-So. Members, . . .

"The prisoner, Gunner Edwards, of the Royal Artillery, a soldier of the Regular Forces, is charged with . . ."

We know what the charge was. It was that of shooting at Captain Keate. It was a capital offence under several

morrow. Sentence to be carried out immediately on promulgation.

(Signed) JOHN GASPARD LE MARCHANT, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., Lieutenant-General Commanding the Troops and Governor of Malta and Her Dependencies.

"Dated, ———."

The prisoner had been informed of his fate the day before, and his conduct under sentence was exemplary. His demeanour on the last parade he attended was courageous in the extreme.

Directly the "Proceedings" had been read, a staff officer gave the executive caution for the flanks of the square to be wheeled outwards, thus making the whole parade in line, two deep. The rear rank then stepped back eight paces, and the front rank turned to its right about.

The band of the Malta Fencible Artillery (now the Royal Malta Artillery) struck up the Dead March in "Saul" (Carmelo Spiteri was right; their drums were draped), moving at a slow march through the opened ranks, followed by the

tumbril, drawn by two commissariat mules. On the top of the tumbril was the coffin for the man who was about to die! He followed, and behind him was the chaplain in a white surplice, saying, "Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live," and the other sentences that he reads at a funeral as the coffin is being borne to the grave.

As soon as the procession reached the end of the ditch, the prisoner was halted. The firing party were marched up, having been given special rifles, some only loaded with blank, the rest—the majority; it is often thought that it is a majority of all but one—loaded with ball.

"Present!"

"Fire!"

Whether the firing party were very nervous, and missed the heart, or whether it was only *post mortem* muscular action, Edwards's limbs kept writhing until the provost marshal gave him the *coup de grâce* with his pistol.

And the church bells of Valetta and Cottonera and Isola rang as if to exorcise the Evil One.

From an ordinary funeral the troops return cheered by the strains of lively music from the band. There was no music on this occasion.

No dates have been quoted in this narrative. Sir Gaspard Le Marchant retired from being Governor of Malta in 1864, having been appointed in 1858. Lord Charles Beresford was at Malta when this execution took place. Captain Keate is now Major-General (retired) Edward Keate, of High Croft, Winchester. He could possibly settle the dates, if it were worth while. Nor has it been stated which regiment furnished the firing party. Well, they did not wear red tunics nor blue tunics, but tunics of some other colour. And it is not a fact, as is sometimes believed, that men with bad characters are punished by being made to belong to a firing party. There is a roster of duties in each regiment, and regiments are themselves in a roster, taking duties in their turn.

You young fellows who think you have a right to grumble because you are a long time in Malta, think how much better off you are than your predecessors of forty years ago. Your Soldiers' Club, near St. Elmo, in those days was the "Hospital for Incurables." For your benefit they sent those poor old fellows away from where they could see a bit of shipping and a bit of life, to the workhouse in the Marsa Valley, where they can see nothing. Your pay is better than it was; your work is less monotonous. In fact, a man is no fool who can learn all his drills now-a-days. The good conduct medal was alluded to as the "Canteen Medal." Don't run away with the idea that there is any sneer intended for those who earn the dark red ribbon. It is only that "*Corruptio optimi pessima.*" When a man with a good conduct medal is ramming home a shell in a muzzle-loading gun, and he *lets* the other man spring the rammer into the sea, the presumption is that the two are one as bad as the other. Gunner Edwards deserved his fate, but there were one or two others who encouraged him to earn it. And they were contemptible cowards.

The moral to this story is very plain. Mr. Rudyard Kipling preaches the doctrine of "Obedience." We get it more nearly at first hand in the old book, which tells us "To obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." Disobedience of orders caused two thousand men to die of enteric fever in South Africa. They *would* drink, though they could only get polluted water. Doubtless they were very thirsty, but in many cases retribution followed terribly fast.

Perils of an Irish Bailiff.

IRISH gentlemen in financial difficulties often gave in the old days immense trouble to bailiffs, whose duty it sometimes was to serve them with writs and other legal and unpleasant documents.

There was once a noted process-server, named Jim Canty, who was very ingenious, and served many legal papers on gentlemen whom others had found it impossible to see in the flesh. Canty had once to approach and serve a debtor in a very secluded part of Ireland, and was at his wits' end how to escape the inevitable assault and battery. He ascertained that the debtor was very fond of a goose's egg for breakfast, so he secured one and took it with him to the place where the man lived, taking care to travel by night so as to reach the house by dawn. He laid the egg at the door of the house and placed under it a notice of the law, and then climbed a tree and awaited developments. All went well. The gentleman came out; the egg arrested his eye, and he said, "Ah, that's the grey goose, I'll go bail, that always is so considerate in serving my breakfast!" He lifted the egg and also the paper underneath. At that moment a voice was heard in great glee: "That's the copy, and here's the original!" Canty, while the debtor was running to fetch his pistols, made a rapid descent from on high, and took to his heels like lightning.

A MURDER REVEALED BY MESMERISM.

How a mysterious crime was brought home to its perpetrators by the revelations of a clairvoyante.

"A trick of wizardry, my lord;
'Tis said his magic wand compels a sleep
In which the sleeper sees in dreams dread things
Invisible to mortal eyes."
—NICHOLAS ROWE, "Tamerlane."

FIVE-AND-THIRTY years ago there lived in Paris, in one of those large, old-fashioned, quadrangular houses in the Rue St. Honoré, two brothers named Dupont. Eugène, the elder, was a wealthy banker; Paul, the younger, was a literary man of considerable talent. Both were unmarried, and each had a suite of apartments to himself, which rendered him perfectly independent of the other, though they invariably breakfasted together in a common room. In the autumn of 1807 business affairs necessitated Eugène's presence in St. Petersburg, and it had been agreed that his brother was to accompany him on his journey to Russia, which was to take place in October.

They were to start on the 20th of that month. On the evening of the 18th, the two brothers dined together in the Palais Royal, and after dinner Eugène left Paul to go to a theatre, whilst he himself proceeded to make some calls for the purpose of settling certain money matters before his departure from Paris. He was absent from home all night, but that circumstance did not excite much attention on the part of his brother Paul, who knew him to be a man of irregular habits. The whole of the next day and night, however, passed without his returning, and the morning appointed for their journey arrived without bringing any tidings of the missing man. Surprised that Eugène had not been home to make his preparations for travelling, Paul Dupont went to the bank in which his brother was a partner to ascertain the cause of his absence, under the impression that something had happened to induce Eugène to postpone his journey. To his astonishment Paul learned that not only was his brother not at the bank, but no one there had seen anything of him since noon two days before.

This unusually prolonged and unaccountable absence of the elder Dupont perplexed and alarmed the younger brother, for, knowing that Eugène had a large sum of money about him, he feared that he might have been robbed, and if not murdered, at all events severely injured. He made inquiries at all the places which his brother was likely to have visited, but could find no clue to his sudden and mysterious disappearance. The police were then communicated with, but their efforts were equally unavailing to discover any trace of the missing banker.

A week had elapsed since Eugène Dupont's unaccountable disappearance, and Paul, who was much attached to his brother, had grown so strange in his manner, so moody and irritable over the continued suspense, that one of his most intimate friends, Victor Laporte, thought it advisable to come

and stay with him for a while. Day after day, with the utmost regularity, Paul, accompanied by his faithful friend and guardian, went down to the Morgue, where most missing men in Paris turn up at some time or other if they have ceased to belong to this world, but not among that ghastly flotsam and jetsam of the Seine did they find the man they sought. Whenever a glance round the slabs showed him that his brother's corpse was not amongst those laid out there, Paul's spirits revived, and he began to hope that, after all, there might be a less tragic solution of the mystery than he had feared. But then why, he asked himself over and over again, should Eugène keep silent? They had no secrets from one another—the elder brother knew perfectly well that he could trust the younger.

Now, Paul Dupont was a curious fellow, with odd fancies in his brain, and an intensely superstitious nature. Finding that all ordinary modes of detection had failed, he resolved to try extraordinary means, and declared to his fidus Achates, Victor Laporte, one morning, his intention of enlisting the services of a clairvoyant towards unravelling the mystery.

Went down to the Morgu

Laporte, who was a sceptic in such matters, laughed the idea to scorn.

"My dear Paul," said he, "if the police cannot trace your brother, you may be sure no clairvoyant can do the business. For this so-called clairvoyance is the most arrant humbug on the face of the earth."

But Paul Dupont was not to be dissuaded from his purpose. There had been a reaction in favour of mesmerism a few years before, and, like hypnotism and theosophy at the present moment, it was one of the popular superstitions of the hour. Dupont had been bitten by the prevailing mania, and was a sort of half-and-half believer in the occult science of animal magnetism.

There was at that time in Paris a Spaniard, by name Madame Huerta, whose feats of clairvoyance had caused considerable interest and excitement, and to her Paul Dupont went to obtain tidings of his brother. Madame being disengaged, Paul and his friend, Laporte, were admitted into the house. They proceeded to state to her husband the nature of their business. He listened to them attentively, and said that it was an unusual request, and that, though madame had often been consulted in cases of theft, he could not remember that her services had ever been retained to investigate a case in which the revelations might point to the commission of a murder. However, he had no objection to oblige M. Dupont—of course, "for a consideration"—so he forthwith placed madame in a state of coma by his mesmeric influence, and the questioning began.

The clairvoyante's thoughts were thrown back to the evening of October 18. She was told to place herself in the restaurant at the Palais Royal, and fix her attention on a certain table, and then on a person seated in a particular position at that table.

"I see him," she murmured in a faint voice.

"Describe him then, madame, if you please," said her husband.

The clairvoyante thereupon commenced a minute description of the man whom she saw in her vision, and even the sceptical Victor Laporte was compelled to confess that it was a most accurate and unmistakable portrait of Eugène Dupont. She then proceeded to describe the parting of the two brothers outside the restaurant. She was told to follow the elder of the two. She slowly traced his movements. She saw him walking, she said, in a street of old Paris; it was night-time, and the lamps were lit. Suddenly he halted at the door of a large, dark corner house, of the outward appearance of which she gave a vivid picture, so minute and distinct in every detail that both Paul and his friend felt that it would be no very difficult task to discover it after such plain directions. Though it was odd that when madame was asked if she knew the name of the street she said:

"No; I have not seen it."

Her husband, however, explained this by stating that when her whole attention was absorbed by a single particular object she could not take in insignificant details. Having tracked the man to this corner house, madame gave the following remarkable and succinct account of his proceedings, which we reproduce from the report of the sworn testimony afterwards given in court:

"He rings the bell, the door is opened, and he is admitted into the hall; now he is shown into a small room on the ground floor. It is brightly lighted, and there are two men seated at the table; one of these is much older than the other, and bald. They rise from their chairs to welcome the new-comer; they are both very tall, and the younger has a thick, black beard and moustache.

"Now, all three are sitting down, the new-comer takes a paper from his pocket, and shows it to the two others. They begin to talk loudly and angrily over it, and the elder of the two rises in a passion and shakes his fist at the visitor; the younger man whispers in his ear, and he becomes calm. They talk quietly again. Now, the younger of the two men leaves the room, and the elder hands a paper to the visitor, who takes up a pen, and after writing a few words returns the document to the elder man. The younger man re-enters the room with a bundle of papers—no, they are banknotes—in his hand, he gives them to the visitor, who, turning to the other two, leaves the room, and is shown out of the house.

"Now, I see him again in the street alone; he stands there looking this way and that in doubt; at last he makes up his mind, and walks briskly away. Instantly the door of the house which he has just left is opened, and the elder and younger man follow quickly in his steps. Now they stop; the younger one signs with his hand, and two other men cross the street and join them; all four rapidly continue their walk.

"Now I see the first man again, still alone; he stops and looks around him. The place is lonely and dimly lighted; I think it must be a quay, for I see the lights reflected in the river. The night is very dark and it rains. The first man muffles his cloak about his ears and crosses the bridge. I see four men come out from the shadow of the wall and follow him. They are close upon his heels, but I think he does not hear them. Ah! now there is a signal, and they all spring upon him at once; they have him by the throat; he struggles, but cannot cry out. God of mercy! they strike him once—twice; he falls heavily, and lies quite still upon the ground. Then bend over him; now they lift him up in their arms. I cannot see plainly what they do, but there is a dull, heavy splash in the water; they have thrown the body into the water. Now they are all gone, and I can see no more."

It will easily be imagined with what feelings of horror Paul Dupont listened to this circumstantial narrative of his brother's foul and cruel murder; for, nervous, excitable, superstitious, as he was, he believed every word of it. Not so

Victor Laporte; as soon as they had left the clairvoyante's house, the latter rallied his friend on his credulity, and said:

"Come, Paul, mon cher, you don't believe all that cock-and-bull story, do you? Why, anyone could see it was a mere trumped-up romance, prepared to suit your fancy and your expectations. Now, what will you bet that we don't find Eugène waiting for us at the Rue St. Honoré?"

But Paul was in no mood for chaff, and without a word hurried homewards. On reaching the house they found two friends awaiting them. Before either Dupont or Laporte could ask a question, the two exclaimed simultaneously:

"We have seen him!"

Paul started, and grew deadly pale. "Dead?" he asked

"Dead!" they replied; "he was taken in the nets this morning."

This was, so far, a startling corroboration of the clairvoyante's story. Eugène Dupont was dead and his body had been found in the river.

Without a moment's loss of time Paul hastened to the Morgue. In the deadhouse, stretched on one of the slabs, stark and ghastly, he saw the corpse of his brother. It had evidently been some days in the water, but the features were still plainly recognisable. There were, however, no marks of violence on the body, except such as might have been caused by rough contact with objects in the water. A considerable sum of money, too, in gold, was found upon the dead man's person, so that it was evident he had not fallen into the hands of common robbers. On the whole, it seemed more like a case of suicide than anything else.

But Paul Dupont was firmly convinced that the clairvoyante's story was true, and that his brother had been foully murdered. He determined, therefore, to follow up the clue which her revelation had given him.

He had little difficulty in finding the street and the very house described by her. In that house lived two men, named Dubuchet, father and son. Further inquiry proved that both of them had had large monetary relations with the deceased banker. The father, indeed, had been heavily in debt to the elder Dupont, but it was discovered that on the very night of Eugène's mysterious disappearance the debt had been paid, for on receiving a visit from the police the Dubuchets not only admitted that Dupont had been in their house on that fatal evening, but they produced a receipt in full for the debt signed by him. It was a very large sum, nearly £2,000, and had been paid in notes.

Now, the money found on the dead man was all in gold, and did not amount to more than £40. What, then, had become of the notes? It was ascertained beyond doubt that they had not been anywhere about the person of Eugène Dupont when he was taken out of the river.

Moreover, a pocket-book containing valuable papers, which the banker always carried about with him, was missing. How was the disappearance of money and pocket-book to be accounted for, otherwise than on the supposition that they had been taken from the unfortunate man by violence, and that his struggles had necessitated his murder?

A further search amongst Eugène Dupont's private memoranda resulted in the discovery of a letter from the younger Dubuchet, asking Dupont to make an appointment to meet them at their house to receive the interest on the loan, and arrange for the payment of the principal by instalments. That Dupont made the appointment and kept it there could be no doubt, because the Dubuchets admitted it.

"THEY STRIKE HIM ONCE—TWICE—HE FALLS HEAVILY!"

But the question then suggested itself—how was it they were able to repay the whole of the principal at once, when in a letter written a few days before, it appeared that the utmost they could propose to do was to pay the interest?

Of course the police paid no heed to the clairvoyante's revelations. They could not accept that as evidence of the guilt of the parties suspected, but nevertheless they considered the fact that the two Dubuchets had been the last persons known to have seen Eugène Dupont on the night of his disappearance sufficient to warrant them in arresting both father and son, and bringing them before the juge d'instruction for examination.

Whilst the Dubuchets were in custody, their house was thoroughly searched, and in the secret drawer of a bureau were found Eugène Dupont's pocket-book, full of his private papers and memoranda. Why this damning piece of evidence should not have been destroyed is inconceivable;

but there it was, and there must presumably have been some reason for not destroying it.

The public excitement when the two prisoners were confronted with the pocket-book before the examining magistrate was intense. Both men changed colour and seemed greatly confused by the production of this silent witness against them. From that moment no one had any doubt of their guilt, and it was confirmed by the confession of a girl who was living in the house as the mistress of the younger Dubuchet. She had been badly treated by her lover, of whom she was madly jealous, and in revenge she told all she knew—how she had heard the whole plot arranged some ten days before, and was aware that M. Dupont was to be murdered, though how, when, or where she could not exactly discover. She gave the names of the two men who had been accessories to the crime, both of whom were arrested, and one of whom confessed.

Thus the evidence against the Dubuchets was complete, and they were committed for trial on the charge of murdering M. Eugène Dupont. When the case was tried it was proposed to call Madame Huerta as a witness, but it was decided that as she was in a state of coma when she made the revelation which led to the discovery of the crime, she was not eligible as a witness, and, besides, the court ruled that such evidence in any case was inadmissible. Paul Dupont, however, gave a full account of the interview with the clairvoyante, and swore to the very words used, as also did his sceptical friend, Victor Laporte. The statements of both of them as to what passed between themselves and the clairvoyante were listened to with intense interest. In the end the Dubuchets were found guilty, but the jury, heaven knows for what reason, found extenuating circumstances, and they got off with imprisonment for life.

This, so far as we are aware, is the only instance on record in which the services of a mesmeric clairvoyante in detecting crime have been actually acknowledged in a court of law. Whether the judge and jury believed the story of the clairvoyante or not we are unable to say. But there can be no doubt of the fact that Paul Dupont and Victor Laporte swore to the accuracy of Madame Huerta's description of the murdered man and his murderers, and solemnly vouched for the fact that she related her vision in the words which we have transcribed above. For ourselves we offer no opinion on this singular case. We simply give the facts and leave the reader to form his own conclusions.

The JUDGE and JURY

PART III.

WHAT STATEMENTS ARE ADMISSIBLE AS EVIDENCE.

THERE are certain rules which exclude from consideration on judicial inquiries classes of evidence which would not be excluded in a Parliamentary debate, let alone in a Cogers' Hall discussion, where "flowers that bloom in the spring" are rather encouraged than the reverse:

I.—Nothing shall be admitted as evidence which does not tend immediately to prove or disprove the charge.

II.—The evidence must be the best obtainable under the circumstances.

To these may be added, subject to important qualifications:

III.—Hearsay is not evidence.

IV.—Opinion is not evidence.

Now this first rule is intentionally left vague. What statements are "relevant" and what are "irrelevant" can be determined generally by commonsense. Thus the character or general reputation of the accused person is not admissible as evidence of his guilt though it is a valuable assistance to the police in their inquiries as to possible perpetrators of a given crime. "Give a dog a bad name and hang him," we say sarcastically. "A man shall not be convicted simply because he has a bad name," says the law. For this reason the prosecution may not give evidence of character, except to rebut evidence of a contrary nature given by the defence.

We cannot refrain from recording that pettifogging solicitors occasionally shy mud at witnesses under cross-examination, not for the purpose of challenging their veracity—with that object in view counsel are allowed to ask almost any question they like—but for the purpose of annoyance pure and simple. "But is it not the case that you are what is known as a 'Pro-Boer'?" a low-down attorney asked a witness. Of course the attorney was reprimanded by the stipendiary. But the incident was reported in the public press which rubbed the insult in.

A prisoner may call evidence as to character, and the present writer has had the exceptional experience of giving a prisoner a good character, and of hearing the local superintendent of police giving rebutting evidence and proving a previous conviction against the prisoner, of which the writer had been unaware. Evidence of good character cannot avail against evidence of fact, but where reasonable doubt exists as to a prisoner's guilt, it may strengthen presumption of innocence. Further, when intention is a principal ingredient in the offence, or where presumptive proof only is adduced, evidence as to character bearing on the charge may be highly important and serve to explain the prisoner's conduct. On a charge of murder, where malice is the essence of the crime, acts of kindness and expressions of good-will from the accused to the deceased are highly-important evidence, as leading to the conclusion that the prisoner's intention could not have been the one imputed to him. But to say that a man is a "clean soldier, but slightly addicted to drink," when he is charged with stealing a pair of boots is derogatory.

Evidence that the person accused of an offence committed a similar offence or acted in a similar manner on a previous occasion is not admissible merely for the purpose of showing that he has a general disposition to commit such offences. As an example, it is not allowed, when dealing with a man accused of being asleep on sentry, to state in evidence that he once before went to sleep on his post, and that there can consequently be no doubt about his having gone to sleep on his post this time. "There's that Hooley gang at it again," was the remark of a female witness, which is said to have been written down by the reporter: "There's that Hooligan at it again." We must make allowances for laxity about the rules of evidence in a magistrate's court.

All the same, where several offences are so connected with each other as to form part of an entire transaction, evidence of one is admissible as proof of another. For example, on a charge of stealing, though it is not material in general to inquire into any other taking of goods besides that specified in the charge, yet for the purpose of ascertaining the identity of the person, it is often important to show that other goods which had been upon an adjoining part of the same house and grounds were taken during the same night, and were found in the possession of the prisoner. This is strong evidence of the prisoner having been near the owner's house on the night of the robbery, and from that point of view it is material. Thus, also, to prove the crime of arson, it may be shown that property which had been taken out of the house at the time of the firing was afterwards found hidden away in possession of the accused.

Where intention, knowledge, good or bad faith, malice, or any other state of mind is a necessary ingredient of the offence charged, the commission of the principal act being either admitted or proved, evidence may, for the purpose of proving the existence of such a state of mind in reference to the particular matter in question, be given of similar acts committed by the prisoner on various other occasions. Thus, though it is "not evidence" to state that the prisoner is of a "murderous disposition," yet it is evidence to prove a prisoner's murderous intention when he killed the deceased by showing that he had on a former occasion attempted to assassinate him, or even used threats or vindictive language against him. Again, on a charge of uttering bad coins, proof that the prisoner uttered bad coin on other occasions is accepted as proof that he knew the coin was bad.

When the prosecution is trying to prove that a crime was committed by the prisoner and not by anybody else, evidence may be given of any fact supplying a motive or constituting preparation for the offence, of any subsequent conduct of the person accused, which is apparently influenced by the

commission of the offence, and of any act done by him, or by his authority, in consequence of the offence. Thus evidence may be given that the prisoner was found in possession of the proceeds of a crime, that he absconded, that he attempted to conceal things that might have been used in committing the crime, or as to the way in which he behaved when statements were made in his presence and hearing.

Having said so much on the subject of confining an inquiry into taking "relevant" evidence only, we must warn our readers against thinking that these are questions that can only affect a judge. Let them not forget the famous "Chetwynd v. Durham" arbitration case; in 1888, in which the Right Honourable "Jimmy" Lowther and his colleague-stewards of the Jockey Club listened to the arguments of counsel, took evidence, and gave a judgment. Lord Chief Justice Cockburn fired the arbitrators off his bench, and made them sit in the well of the court. For all that, there have been few cases conducted in a more dignified manner than that one was. Any of our readers may find himself called upon to act as umpire. He must educate himself into securing fair-play by not allowing either party to spring a mine on his adversary. We all know the meaning of "red herrings." There must be no "red herrings."

Hang Him by Proxy.

In the year 1835 a blacksmith of a small Spanish village murdered a man and was duly condemned to death by hanging. The chief men of the village went together in a body to the Alcalde or Chief Magistrate and begged that the blacksmith might be pardoned, because he was necessary to the place, which could not do without a blacksmith to shoe horses, mend wheels, and such offices. "But," replied the Alcalde, "how then can I carry out the law?"

The villagers' spokesman answered, "Sir, there are two weavers in the village, and for so small a place one is enough; you may hang the other."

Feathered With Bottles.

A gentleman's butler was once tried before Lord Kenyon for stealing his master's wine, and the learned judge, on the prisoner being found guilty, addressed him as follows: "Prisoner at the bar, you stand convicted on the most conclusive evidence of a crime of the most inexpressible atrocity, a crime that defiles the sacred springs of domestic confidence, and is calculated to strike alarm into the breast of every Englishman who invests largely in the choicer vintages of Southern Europe. Like the serpent of old, you have stung the hand of your protector. Fortunate in having a generous employer, you might, without dishonesty, have continued to supply your wretched wife and children with the comforts of sufficient prosperity, and even with some of the luxuries of affluence; but, dead to every claim of natural affection, and blind to your own real interest, you burst through all the restraints of religion and morality, and have for many years been feathering your nest with your master's bottles."

Landlord's Liability.

In the year 1809, Mr. Frederick Jones, a commercial traveller, arrived at an hotel in Wrexham, and, the place being full, was obliged to sleep in a three-bedded room, the other two beds being occupied by the landlord's two sons.

When Jones awoke next morning, he found that his pocket-book, containing £400 in notes, was missing. He had been drinking on the previous night, but he remembered that the pocket-book was in an inside pocket of his waistcoat, which he had placed on a chair at his bedside the night before.

On becoming aware of his loss, he informed the landlord, who roused the family, and a long and thorough search was made; but in vain. On the following day the landlord and his wife called a constable in, and the three made a further search; but were unable to find the missing money.

Jones then sued the landlord, who brought forward his family and servants, all of whom denied ever having seen or touched the book or its contents. The jury, however, awarded Jones £400, which the landlord paid.

Some time afterwards, the landlord was bankrupt, and his goods were sold by auction. The auctioneer, on selling the bed, excited the interest of those present at the sale by describing it as the bed on which the gentleman slept who lost the £400. The bed was sold, and the purchaser was surprised to find, on raising the feather-bed, between two mattresses underneath, the missing pocket-book.

It was believed that Mr. Jones, being about half-drunk, had put it between the mattresses and forgotten all about it; but Chief Baron Alderson thought that the real thief had put it there on discovering that he would probably be found out.

Leaves from Our Notebook.

An Ingenious Remark.

A young lady was tried before Lord Mansfield in 1837 for child murder, and the principal witness for the prosecution was a very widawake midwife, who swore that she had been taken by force, blindfolded, to the lady's house. She said that her guide forded a river twice in the journey to the house where her services were required. The lawyer for the defence commented on this evidence very strongly, and called the judge's attention to the fact that there was only one river between the houses, and, admitting that the guide, in order to deceive the midwife, had turned round in order to cross the river again, then she must have forded it a third time. This ingenious remark so bewildered the jury that they returned a verdict of "Not Guilty" without leaving the box.

Origin of Duelling in France.

The origin of duelling dates back to the year 1547. Francis de Vivonne, Lord Chateigneraye, son of Andrew de Vivonne, Lord High Steward of Poitou, appeared with distinction at the Courts of Francis I. and Henry II. He was connected by the tenderest friendship with Guy de Chabot, Lord of Jarnac, but incurred the displeasure of that nobleman by an imprudent conversation. He told Francis I. that Jarnac had boasted to him of having enjoyed the favours of a certain lady, and on the King rallying Guy on his good fortune, the latter not only denied the fact, but added that, with reverence to his Majesty, Chateigneraye was a liar. The lie was soon communicated to Chateigneraye, who desired the King's permission to decide their difference by what was called the combat "à outrance"; in which it is determined that one of the combatants must be slain. But this permission Francis refused to grant. However, by the consent of his successor, Henry II., on July 10, 1547, the battle was fought in the park of St. Germain-en-Laye, the King, the Constable, Montmorenci, and several other lords being present. Chateigneraye, being dangerously wounded in the thigh, fell. His life was now at the disposal of Jarnac, who desired the King to accept at his hands the life of Chateigneraye, who was too proud to solicit the compassion of his conqueror. The King, yielding to the entreaties of Jarnac and the Constable, ordered the surgeon to attend Chateigneraye in his tent. But the mortification of being vanquished drove the indiscreet combatant to such desperation that he died three days after, with the character of one of the best and bravest men in France.

He was the aggressor in the fight, whilst Jarnac acted on the defensive. He was hardly twenty-eight years of age, and trusted so much to his own skill, undervaluing his opponent so strangely, that he had prepared a magnificent supper for the entertainment of his friends on the very day of the combat; but the fortune of arms decided otherwise. The "coup de Jarnac" has become proverbial to denote an unexpected manœuvre reserved by an enemy. The ceremonious interval between the challenge and the combat was employed by both champions in the exercise of their arms; and it is said that Jarnac had so profited by his fencing-master's lessons, that in his mock skirmishes he never missed the thrust which proved fatal to Chateigneraye. This kind of battle was the last ever seen in France, for Henry so sincerely regretted the loss of his favourite as to prohibit it by an oath for the future. To this ancient institution of the Lombard law succeeded the licentiousness of private duelling, which in two centuries caused more blood to be spilt in Europe, but particularly in France, than was ever shed by these combats from the remotest origin.

Answers to Correspondents

The Editor will be pleased to answer any suitable questions.

Franconia.—You are right; it was the custom in Buttstadt, in 1740, for the oldest resident to act as executioner. This led to some shocking scenes, the feeble old man hacking away at the unfortunate convict till he was slowly killed.

Judex.—The Calcraft who was hanged was not the late executioner, as you would know if you read the paper carefully, but one Thomas Calcraft who was executed in front of the Old Bailey on August 3, 1820, for helping young Chennell to kill his father. Chennell was turned off at the same time for parricide.

A WOMAN'S ADVICE TO WOMEN.

"A LADY friend of mine advised me to try Bile Beans for Biliousness," said Mrs. John Smith, The Village, Lelley, Preston, Holderness. This is the advice that women are continually giving to each other. How sound it proves to be will be seen by the following statement Mrs. Smith made to a "Hull News" reporter:—"I almost used to want to die, so terrible were my sufferings," she said. "I seemed to have no blood in me. My fingers were 'dead' and trembled so violently that I could not pick up a plate without letting it fall. My feet were always cold, and I walked with great difficulty. They used to swell, too, very much. Work was impossible. No sooner did I take up a piece of sewing than my head began to ache, or I fell into fits or faints. There were dreadful noises in my head. I had a burning sensation like hot nails being driven into my temples. I never had any appetite, and was always feeling dizzy."

"Did you consult any doctors?" asked the interviewer.

"No fewer than five," was the reply; "and I went to the Hull Dispensary. I took a large quantity of medicine, but the only effect was to cause my teeth to rot and to soften my gums. My last doctor told me that unless I went into the country, away from smoky Hull, I should be dead in a few weeks' time. He also advised me to get a bicycle. I did so, but had not the strength to work it. The country people here used to say that I looked more like a corpse than one living."

"Then how did you hear of Bile Beans for Biliousness?"

"I was told of their wonderful power by a lady living in Buckingham Street, Hull, who is a friend of mine. She had herself been cured of bilious fits by them. A day or so later I saw an advertisement of them in the 'Christian Herald,' and I sent for a box. Taking the contents of this did me great good, all my dizziness soon disappearing.

"By continuing the course they have cured me completely. My head is clear, and my appetite is keen. I can do my work well, and I can go out and enjoy my cycle rides, and I am restored to proper health. Moreover," added Mrs. Smith, "there is nothing better to take for general health than Bile Beans. Since I began them my gums have hardened again."

"Do you attribute your cure entirely to Bile Beans for Biliousness?"

"Most emphatically; I firmly believe that I should now be in my grave had it not been for them."

Bile Beans for Biliousness are the safest family medicine, and a certain cure for Headache, Constipation, Colds, Liver Chill, Influenza, Rheumatism, Piles, Liver Trouble, Bad Breath, Indigestion, Flatulence, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Sleeplessness, Anæmia, and all Female Ailments. **Of all Medicine Vendors 1/1 and 2/9 per box (large box contains 3 times quantity small size.**

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